Rev. Clarence S. Long
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NEW SACRED SELECTIONS
FOR MEN'S VOICES

IDEAL SERIES OF MUSIC FOLIOS

HALL-MACK CO.
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HALL-MACK COMPANY'S

Book of

Sacred Selections

for

Men's Voices

Price 50 cents

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1018-20 Arch Street, Philadelphia
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Hall-Mack Company's

Sacred Selections

for

Men's Voices.

No. 1. Be True!

J. L. H. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. "Quit you like men," in the bat - tle hour Be true! . . . . Be true! . . .
2. "Quit you like men," in his strength be strong, Be true! . . . . Be true! . . .
3. "Quit you like men," stand for God and right, Be true! . . . . Be true! . . .
Be true! Be true!
Trusting for strength in the God of pow'r, Be true! . . . Be true! . . .
Steadfast your heart, tho' the strife be long, Be true! . . . Be true! . . .
Strong in his strength you shall win the fight. Be true! . . . Be true! . . .
Be true! Be true!
Chorus.
O be true! O be true! There is work, work to do;
"Quit you like men," . . . there is work to do; . . . .
rit.
Liv - ing or dy - ing, be true, ... O be true! . . .
O be true! O be true! O be true! O be true!

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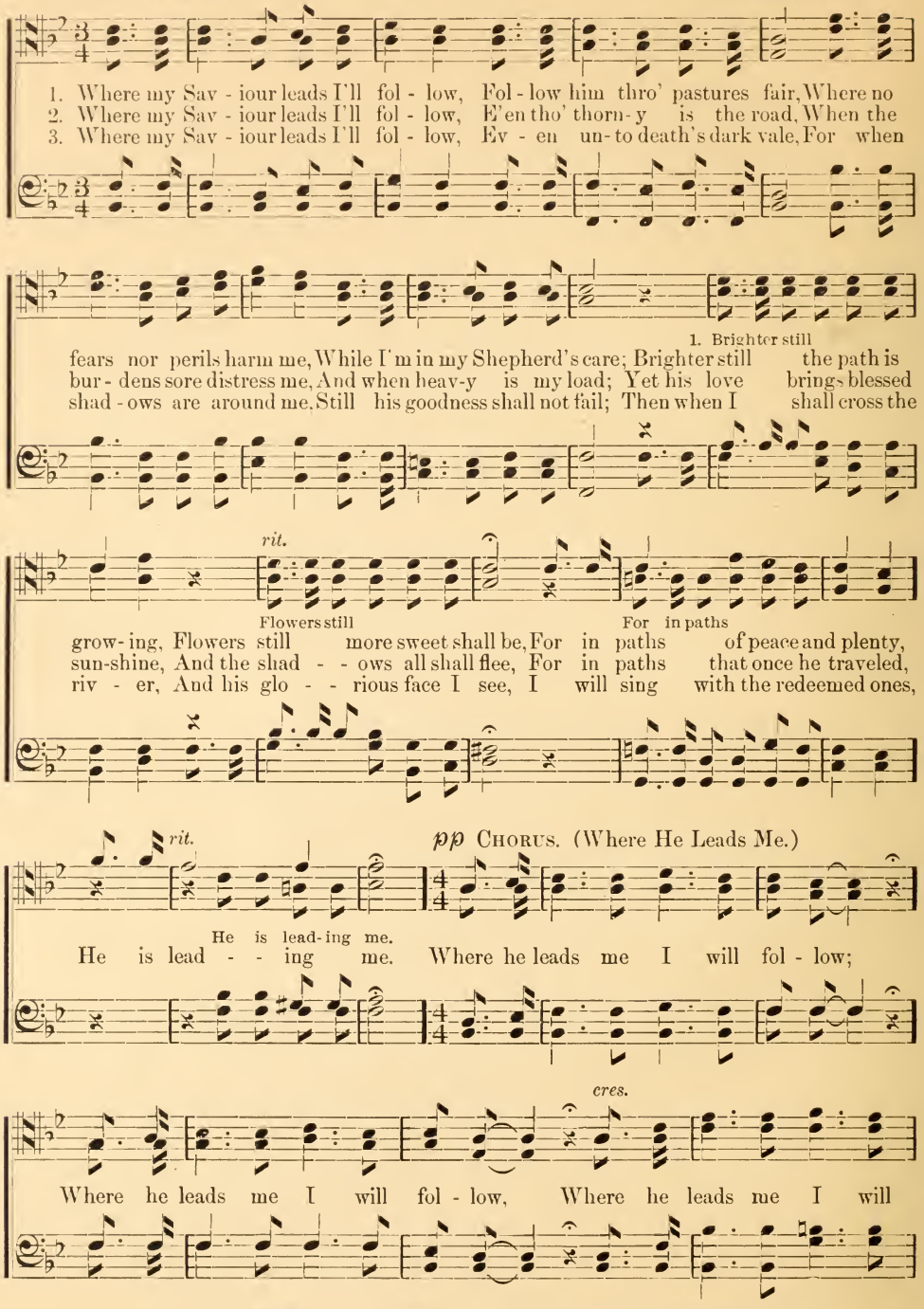
No. 2. Where My Saviour Leads.

EDWARD Y. MASON. J. LINCOLN HALL.


1. Where my Sav - iour leads I'll fol - low, Fol - low him thro' pastures fair, Where no
2. Where my Sav - iour leads I'll fol - low, E'en tho' thorn - y is the road, When the
3. Where my Sav - iour leads I'll fol - low, Ev - en un - to death's dark vale, For when
1. Brighter still
fears nor perils harm me, While I'm in my Shepherd's care; Brighter still the path is
bur - dens sore distress me, And when heav-y is my load; Yet his love brings blessed
shad - ows are around me, Still his goodness shall not fail; Then when I shall cross the
rit.
Flowers still
For in paths
grow - ing, Flowers still more sweet shall be, For in paths of peace and plenty,
sun-shine, And the shad - - ows all shall flee, For in paths that once he traveled,
riv - er, And his glo - - rious face I see, I will sing with the redeemed ones,
rit.
pp CHORUS. (Where He Leads Me.)
He is lead-ing me.
He is lead - - ing me. Where he leads me I will fol - low;
cres.
Where he leads me I will fol - low, Where he leads me I will

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Where My Saviour Leads.—Concluded.

No. 3. Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman. Arr. by J. Lincoln Hall.

1. Lead, kindly light, amid th'encircling gloom, Lead thou me on; The night is
2. I was not ev-er thus, nor pray'd that thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long thy pow'r has bless'd me, sure it still Will lead me on; O'er moor and
dark, and I am far from home, Lead thou me on; Keep thou my feet; I
choose and see my path but now Lead thou me on; I loved the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone; And with the morn those
do not ask to see The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
day, and spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: remem-ber not past years.
an - gel fac - es smile Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a - while.

No. 4. Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee;
1. Rock of A - - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee;
2. Could my tears for-ev-er flow, Could my zeal no lan-guor know,
3. While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyes shall close in death,
Let the wa- ter and the blood From thy wounded side which flowed,
Let the wa - - ter and the blood From thy wound - ed side which flowed,
These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and thou a - lone:
When I rise to worlds unknown, And be - hold thee on thy throne,
Be of sin the double cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
Be of sin the double cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring; Sim - ply to thy cross I cling.
Rock of A - - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee.
rit. e dim.
Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring; Sim - ply to thy cross I cling.
Rock of A - - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee.
Be of sin, of sin the double, double cure,

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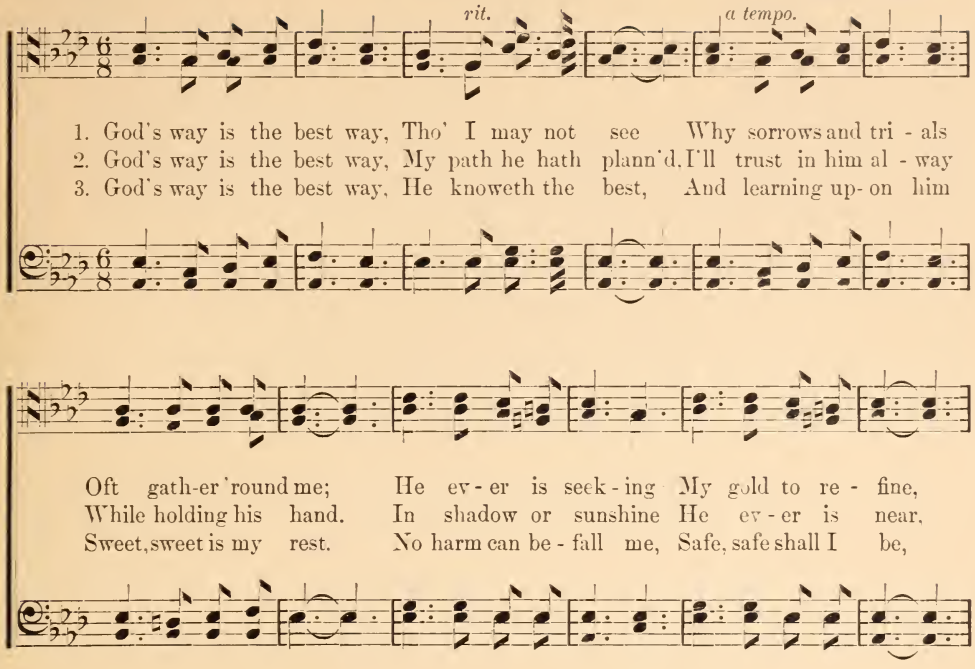
No. 5. God's Way.

L. S. L. LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.


rit.
a tempo.
1. God's way is the best way, Tho' I may not see Why sorrows and tri - als
2. God's way is the best way, My path he hath plann'd, I'll trust in him al - way
3. God's way is the best way, He knoweth the best, And learning up - on him
Oft gath-er 'round me; He ev - er is seek - ing My gold to re - fine,
While holding his hand. In shadow or sunshine He ev - er is near,
Sweet, sweet is my rest. No harm can be - fall me, Safe, safe shall I be,

rit.
CHORUS.
So humbly I trust him, My Saviour di - vine.
With him for my ref - uge, I nev - er need fear.
I'll cling to him ev - er, So precious is he.
God's way is the best way,
rit. e dim.
God's way is the right way, I'll trust in him al - way, He knoweth the best.

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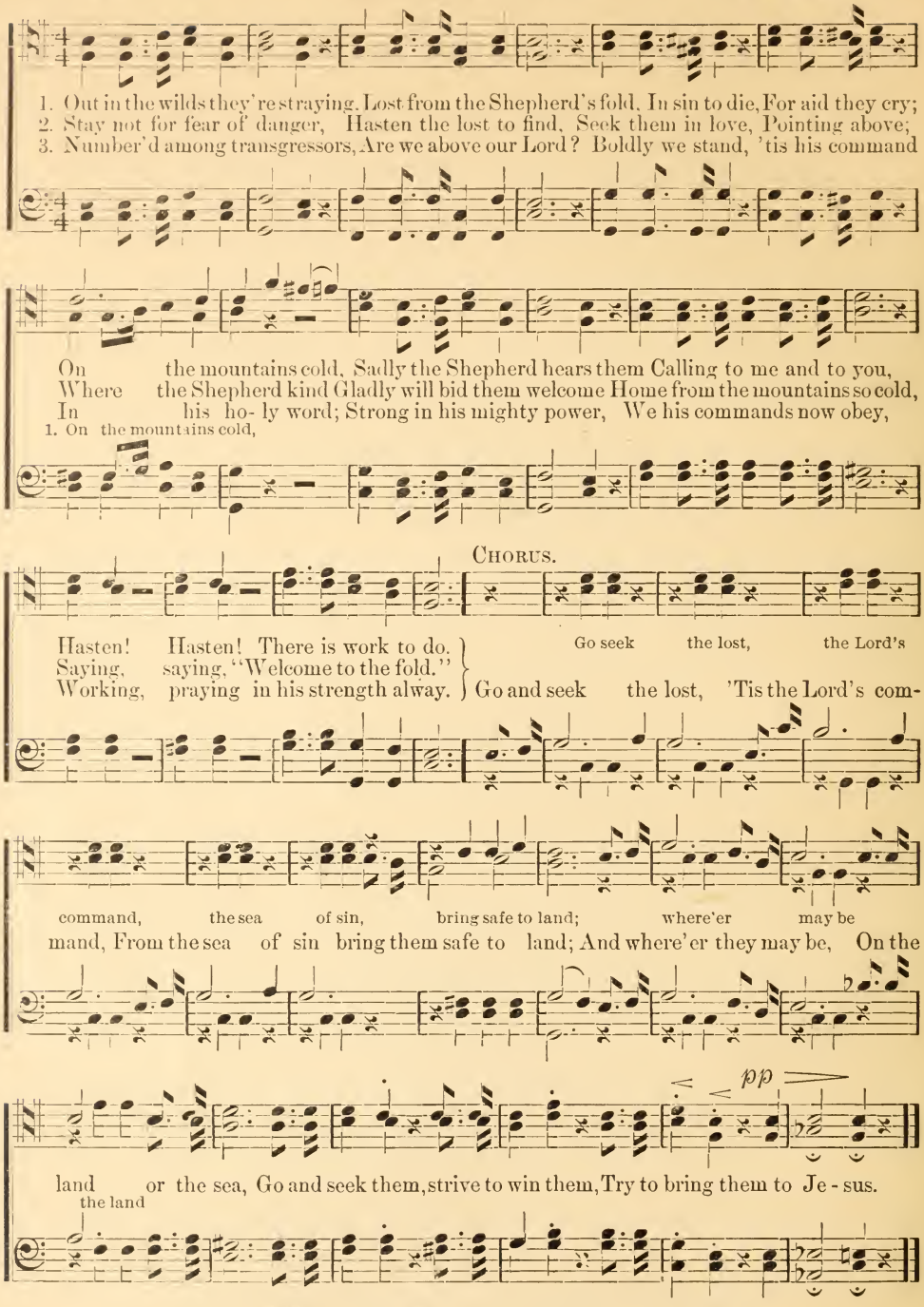
No. 6. Go and Seek.

C. A. M — Quartet for Male Voices. — C. Austin Miles.


1. Out in the wilds they're straying, Lost from the Shepherd's fold, In sin to die, For aid they cry;
2. Stay not for fear of danger, Hasten the lost to find, Seek them in love, Pointing above;
3. Number'd among transgressors, Are we above our Lord? Boldly we stand, 'tis his command
On the mountains cold, Sadly the Shepherd hears them Calling to me and to you,
Where the Shepherd kind Gladly will bid them welcome Home from the mountains so cold,
In his ho- ly word; Strong in his mighty power, We his commands now obey,
1. On the mountains cold,
Chorus.
Hasten! Hasten! There is work to do.
Saying, saying, "Welcome to the fold."
Working, praying in his strength alway.
Go seek the lost, the Lord's
Go and seek the lost, 'Tis the Lord's com-
command, the sea of sin, bring safe to land; where'er may be
mand, From the sea of sin bring them safe to land; And where'er they may be, On the
pp
land or the sea, Go and seek them, strive to win them, Try to bring them to Je - sus.
the land

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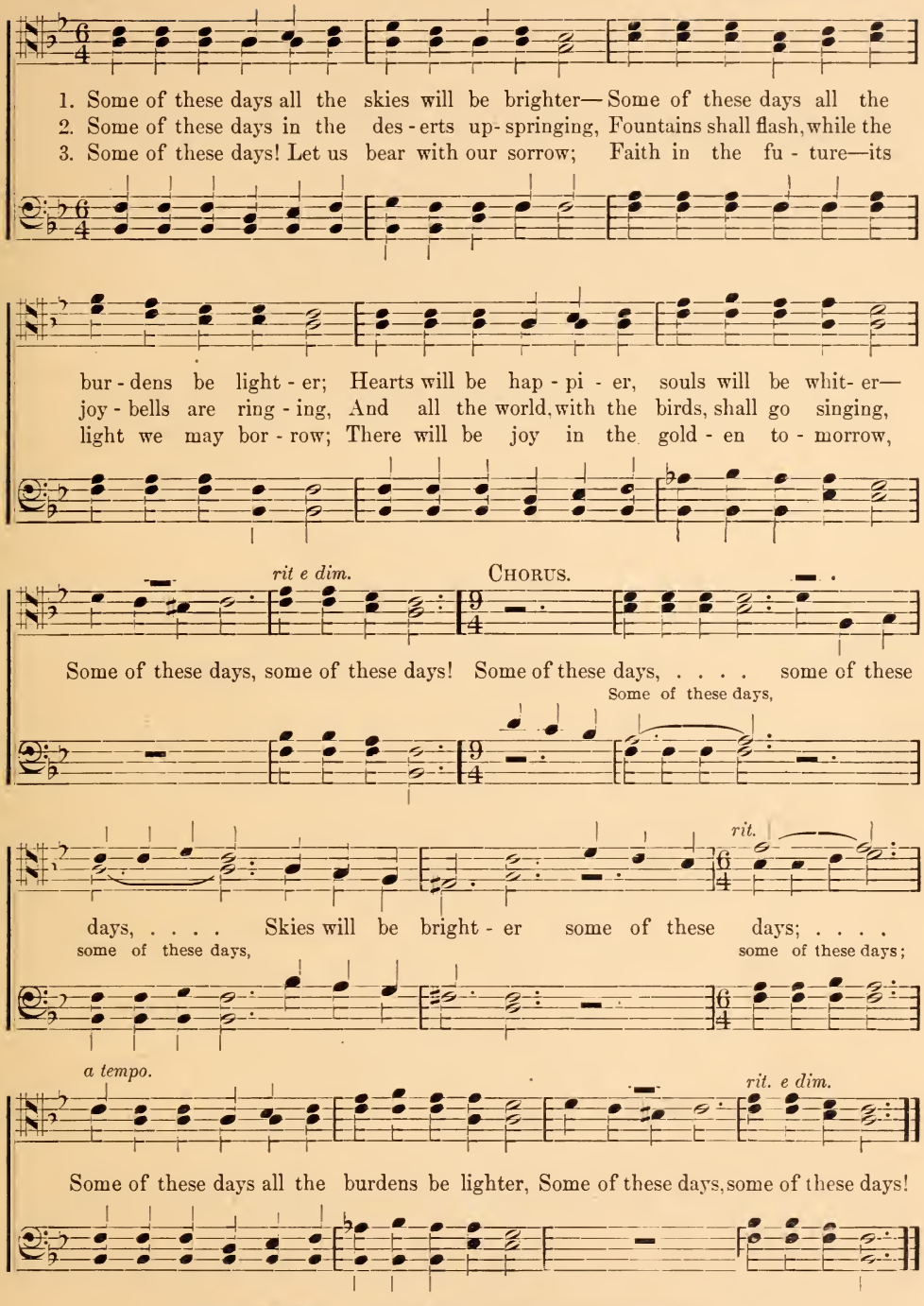
No. 7. Some of These Days.

F. L. S. J. Lincoln Hall.


1. Some of these days all the skies will be brighter— Some of these days all the
2. Some of these days in the des - erts up- springing, Fountains shall flash, while the
3. Some of these days! Let us bear with our sorrow; Faith in the fu - ture—its
bur - dens be light - er; Hearts will be hap - pi - er, souls will be whit- er—
joy - bells are ring - ing, And all the world, with the birds, shall go singing,
light we may bor - row; There will be joy in the gold - en to - morrow,
rit e dim.
Chorus.
Some of these days, some of these days! Some of these days, ... some of these
Some of these days,
rit.
days, ... Skies will be bright - er some of these days; . . . .
some of these days,
some of these days;
a tempo.
rit. e dim.
Some of these days all the burdens be lighter, Some of these days, some of these days!

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No. 8. Our Galilee.

C. A. M. QUARTET FOR MALE VOICES. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Asleep on the pillow the Master lay, The boat toss'd upon the stormy sea, The
2. He spake and the tumult became a calm, And peace reign'd again on Galilee; With
3. O sail-or in terror on life's frail bark, There's One who will calm the angry sea; O
CHORUS.
waves roll'd high and death seem'd nigh On stormy Galilee.
look amazed on him they gazed Who still'd the stormy sea.
prat that he with thee will be On stormy Gal - i - lee.
O be with us, There is safety
O be with us, There is safety blessed in thy
bless-ed Saviour, in thy presence,
When the waves Wind and wave
are rolling high, shall yield to thee,
Saviour, When the waves . . . . are roll-ing high, And the
presence, Wind and wave . . . . shall yield to thee, (Omit.....
And the storm-clouds
hide the sunshine,
As they sweep
storm-clouds hide the sunshine, As they sweep . . . across the sky;
Lest we need thy voice to still the angry sea, Saviour, be with us on our Gal-i - lee.

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No. 9. All is Well.

C. Paxton Hood. W. C. Jordan.

1. I hear a sweet voice ring - ing clear, All is well! It
2. Clouds can - not long ob - scure my sight, All is well! I
3. In morn - ing hours se - rene and bright, All is well! In
is my Father's voice I hear, All, yes, all is well!
know there is a land of light, All, yes, all is well!
even - ing hours or dark'ning night, All, yes, all is well!
all is well!
Wher - e'er I walk that voice is heard, It is my God, my
From strength to strength, from day to day, I tread a - long the
And when to Jor - dan's side I come, 'Midst chill - ing waves and
1. Where'er
It is
Father's word: "Fear not, but trust, I am the Lord," All, yes, all is well!
world's highway, Or oft - en stop to sing or say, All, yes, all is well!
rag - ing foam, O let me sing as I go home, All, yes, all is well!
"Fear not,

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No. 10.

The Change.

C. A. M

QUARTET FOR MALE VOICES.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

("When I Survey the Wondrous Cross" may be used to this music.)

1 There is a hill where stood a cross
1. There is a hill where stood a cross "On which the
2. There is a heart that felt no pang Un - til the
3. There is a life that lived a - lone Un - til the
"On which the King of glo- ry died;" For love of you
King of glo - ry died;" For love of you and love of
Christ had enter'd in, And now that heart can feel for
cross was brought to view, And now that life is liv'd for
and love of me The Lord of love was cru - ci - fied, was cru - ci - fied.
me The Lord of love was cru - ci - fied.
all Who seek the joy of pardon'd sin.
him Who shares its joys and sorrows, too.
REEFRAIN.
O the cross, the cross, Where Jesus died for love of you and me!
O the cross, the blessed cross, the cross of Calvary, Where Je - - sus died for me!
O the cross, the cross of Calvary, Where Je - - sus died for you and me!
Let us linger in its shadows, Till the light, blessed light, shall shine on you and me.
(Refrain for 3d stanza.)
Stay no longer in its shadows, For the light, blessed light, now shines on you and me.
Let us linger

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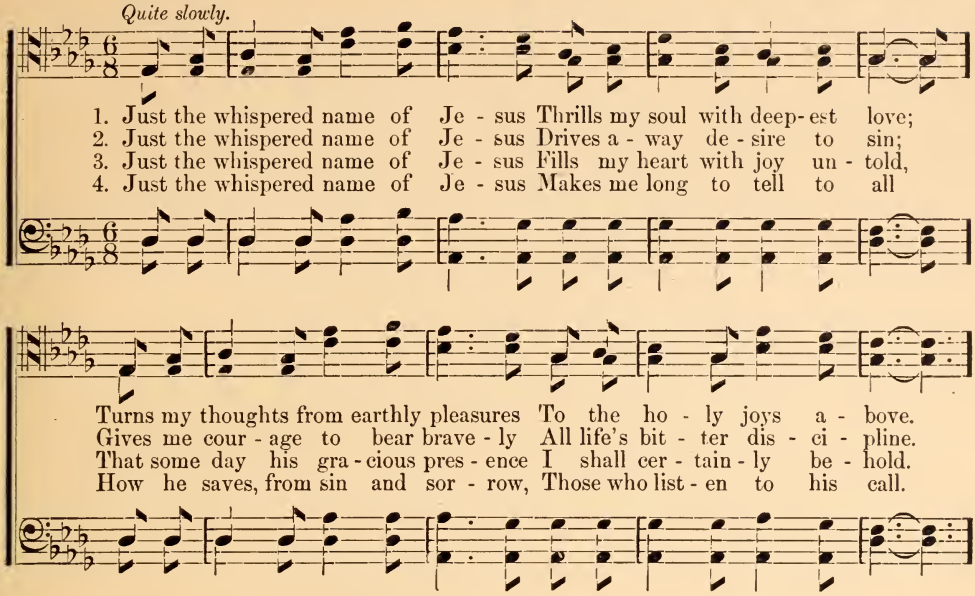
No. 11. Just the Whispered Name of Jesus.

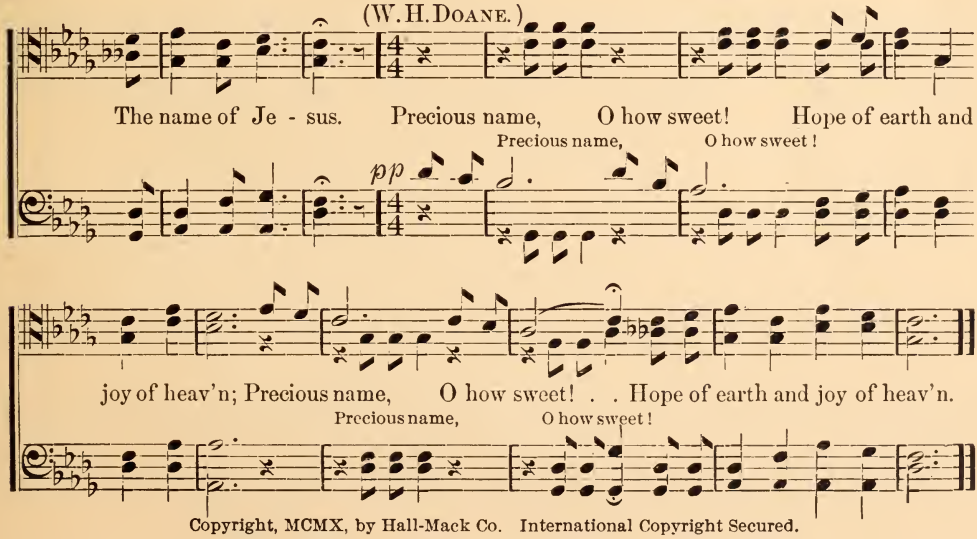
EFFIE STEVENS. C. AUSTIN MILES.

Quite slowly.


1. Just the whispered name of Je - sus Thrills my soul with deep- est love;
2. Just the whispered name of Je - sus Drives a - way de - sire to sin;
3. Just the whispered name of Je - sus Fills my heart with joy un - told,
4. Just the whispered name of Je - sus Makes me long to tell to all
Turns my thoughts from earthly pleasures To the ho - ly joys a - bove.
Gives me cour - age to bear brave - ly All life's bit - ter dis - ci - pline.
That some day his gra - cious pres - ence I shall cer - tain - ly be - hold.
How he saves, from sin and sor - row, Those who list - en to his call.

REFRAIN.

(W. H. DOANE.)


The name of Je - sus. Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and
Precious name, O how sweet!
pp
joy of heav'n; Precious name, O how sweet! . . Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
Precious name, O how sweet!

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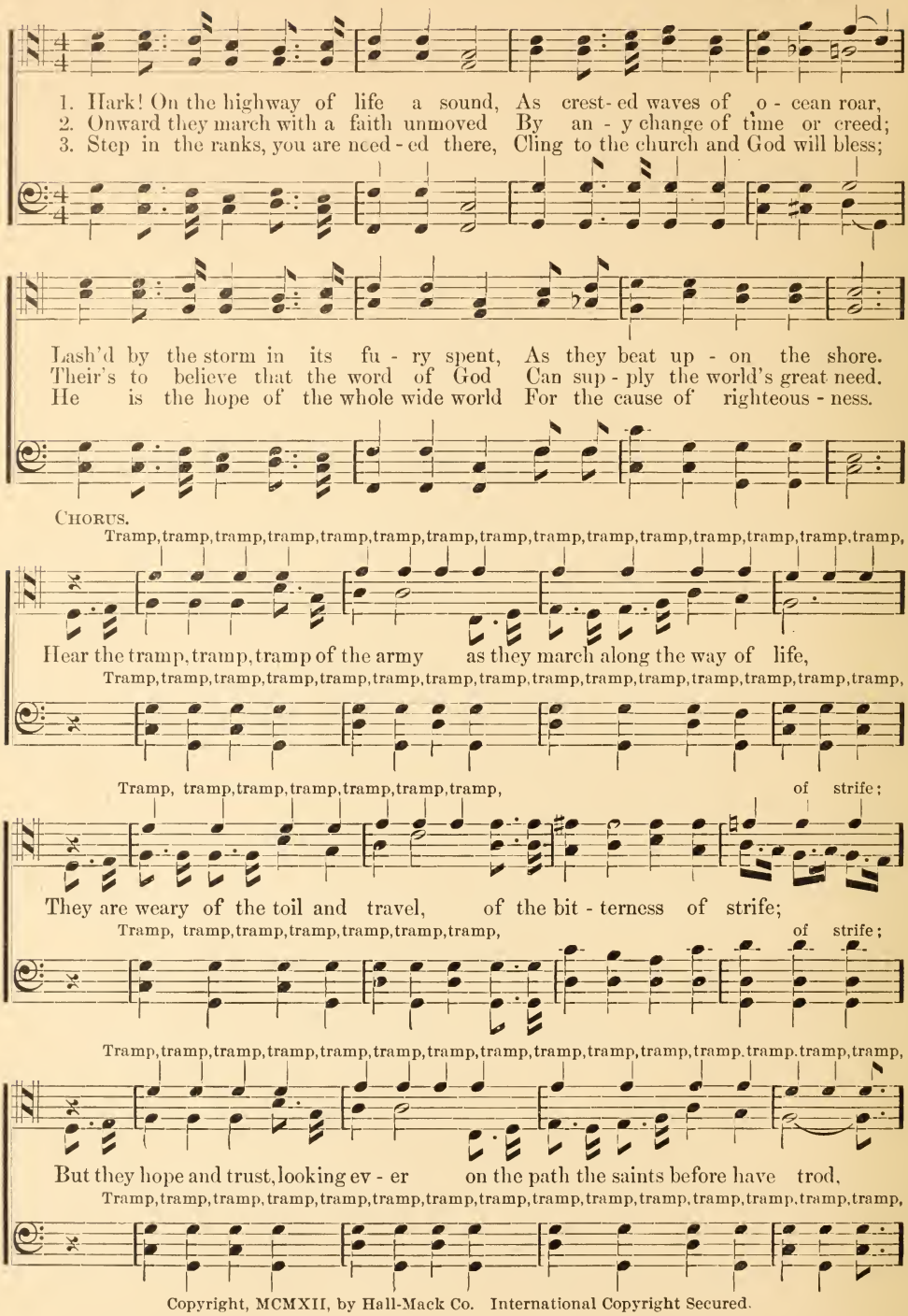
No. 12. The Army of the Living God.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.


1. Hark! On the highway of life a sound, As crest-ed waves of o-cean roar,
2. Onward they march with a faith unmoved By an-y change of time or creed;
3. Step in the ranks, you are need-ed there, Cling to the church and God will bless;
Lash'd by the storm in its fu-ry spent, As they beat up-on the shore.
Their's to believe that the word of God Can sup-ply the world's great need.
He is the hope of the whole wide world For the cause of righteous-ness.
Chorus.
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,
Hear the tramp, tramp, tramp of the army as they march along the way of life,
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, of strife;
They are weary of the toil and travel, of the bit-terness of strife;
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, of strife;
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp. tramp. tramp, tramp,
But they hope and trust, looking ev-er on the path the saints before have trod,
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,

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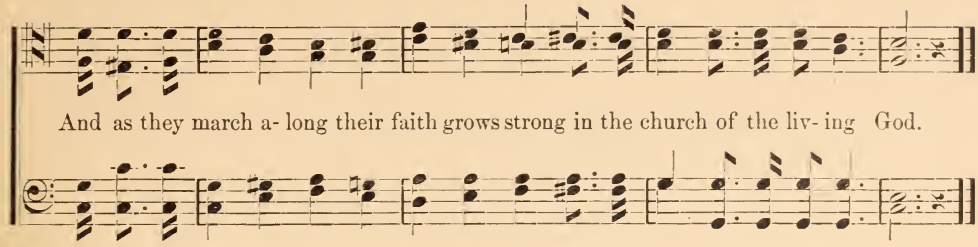
The Army of the Living God.—Concluded.



No. 13. Good-Morrow.

KATHLEEN R. WHEELER. ADAM GEIBEL.

f Moderato con moto.
1. Good- morrow to all that is help - ful and glad, Good-bye to all things that are
2. Good- morrow to love, to peace and to rest, Good-bye to the sorrow which
3. Good- morrow to loved ones who greet us a - gain, Good-bye to unkindness, to
4. Good- morrow to true things and un - ending life, Good-bye to dark shadows and
mf
cru - el and bad; For the sun is ablaze and the sky is all blue, And God's in his
long has depress'd; For the sun is ablaze and the sky is all blue, And God's in his
grief and to pain; For the sun is ablaze and the sky is all blue, And God's in his
en - vy and strife; For the sun is ablaze and the sky is all blue, And God's in his
f
rit.
heav - en, so joy is for you! And God's in his heaven, so joy is for you!

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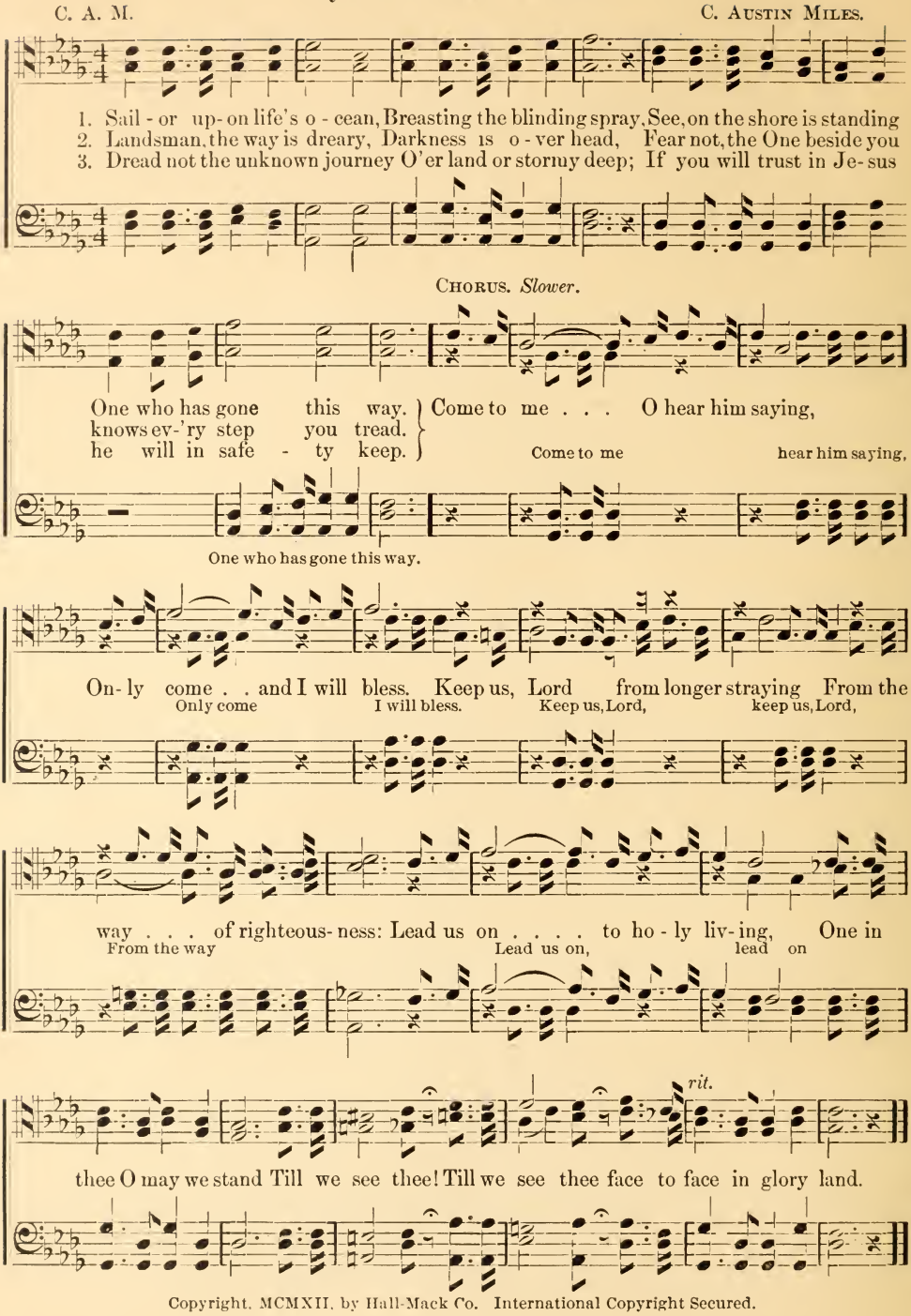
No. 14. Till We See Thee.

QUARTET FOR MALE VOICES.

C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES.


1. Sail - or up- on life's o - cean, Breasting the blinding spray, See, on the shore is standing
2. Landsman, the way is dreary, Darkness is o - ver head, Fear not, the One beside you
3. Dread not the unknown journey O'er land or stormy deep; If you will trust in Je- sus
CHORUS. Slower.
One who has gone this way.
knows ev-'ry step you tread.
he will in safe - ty keep.
Come to me . . . O hear him saying,
Come to me
hear him saying,
One who has gone this way.
On- ly come . . and I will bless. Keep us, Lord from longer straying From the
Only come
I will bless.
Keep us, Lord,
keep us, Lord,
way . . . of righteous- ness: Lead us on . . . . to ho - ly liv- ing, One in
From the way
Lead us on,
lead on
rit.
thee O may we stand Till we see thee! Till we see thee face to face in glory land.

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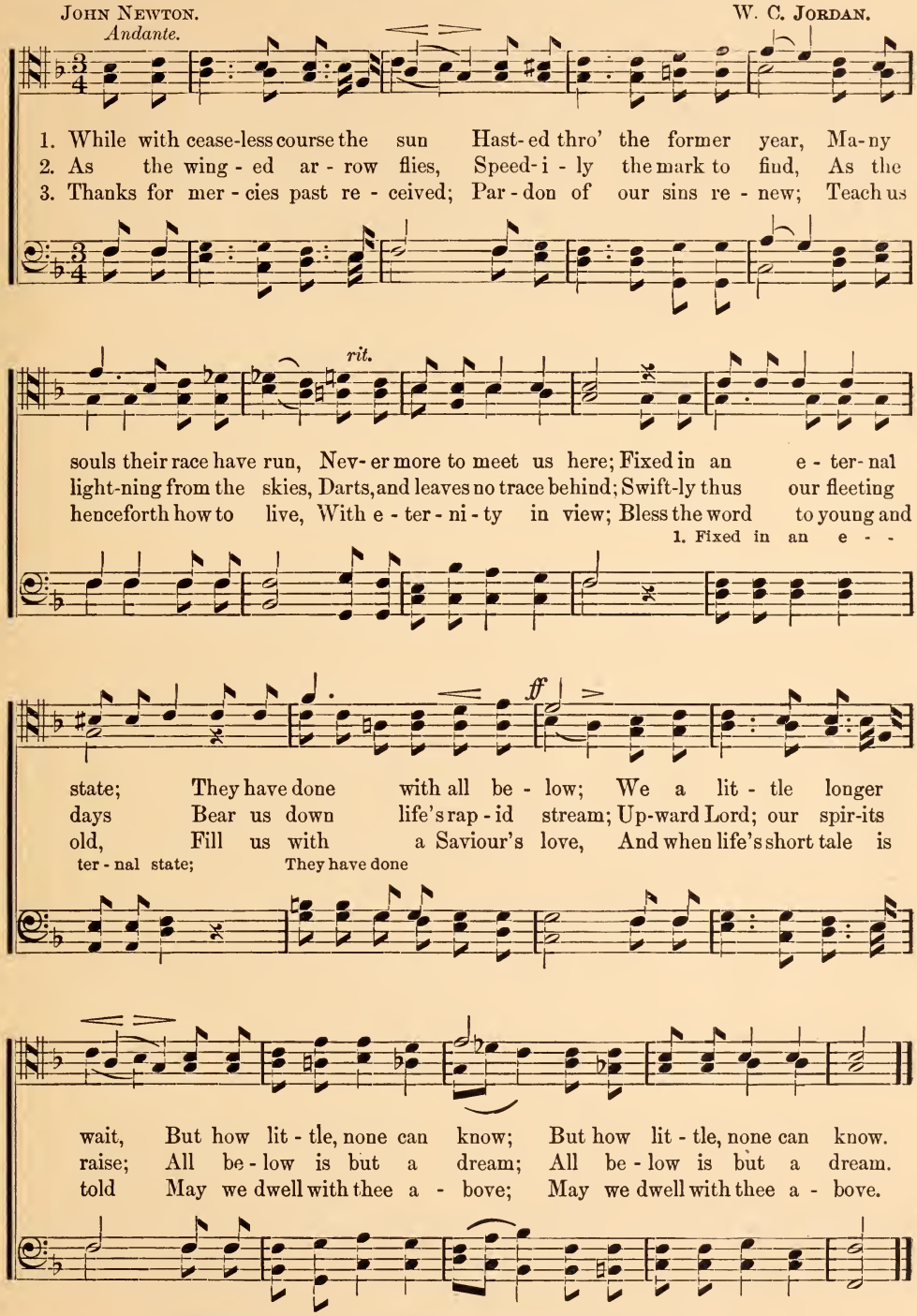
No. 15. While with Ceaseless Course the Sun.

JOHN NEWTON. *Andante.* W. C. JORDAN.


1. While with cease-less course the sun Hast-ed thro' the former year, Ma-ny
2. As the wing-ed ar-row flies, Speed-i-ly the mark to find, As the
3. Thanks for mer-cies past re-ceived; Par-don of our sins re-new; Teach us
rit.
souls their race have run, Nev-er more to meet us here; Fixed in an e-ter-nal
light-ning from the skies, Darts, and leaves no trace behind; Swift-ly thus our fleeting
henceforth how to live, With e-ter-ni-ty in view; Bless the word to young and
1. Fixed in an e - -
ff
state; They have done with all be-low; We a lit-tle longer
days Bear us down life's rap-id stream; Up-ward Lord; our spir-its
old, Fill us with a Saviour's love, And when life's short tale is
ter-nal state; They have done
wait, But how lit-tle, none can know; But how lit-tle, none can know.
raise; All be-low is but a dream; All be-low is but a dream.
told May we dwell with thee a-bove; May we dwell with thee a-bove.

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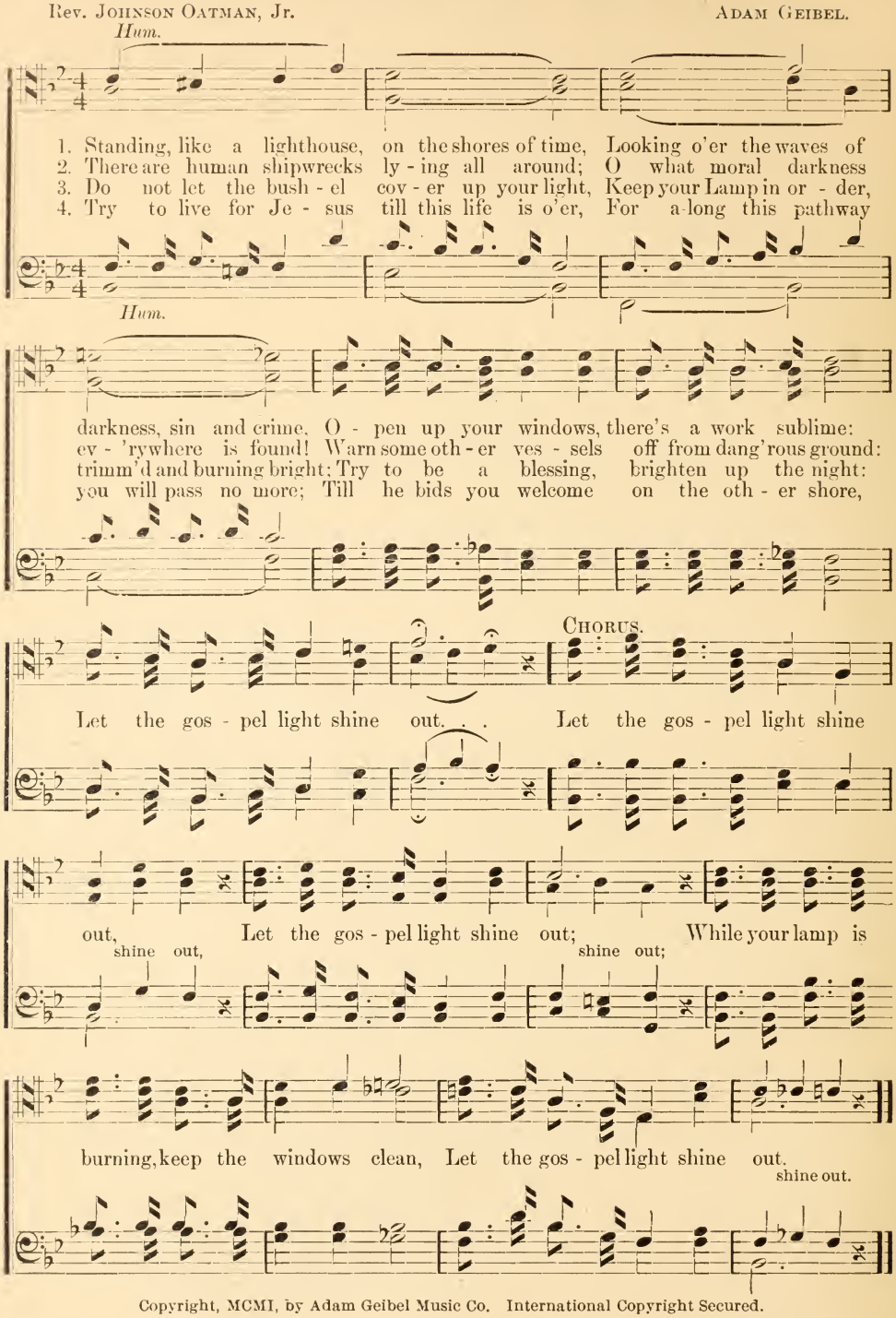
No. 16. Let the Gospel Light Shine Out.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Adam Geibel.


Hum.
1. Standing, like a lighthouse, on the shores of time, Looking o'er the waves of
2. There are human shipwrecks ly - ing all around; O what moral darkness
3. Do not let the bush - el cov - er up your light, Keep your Lamp in or - der,
4. Try to live for Je - sus till this life is o'er, For a-long this pathway
Hum.
darkness, sin and crime, O - pen up your windows, there's a work sublime:
ev - 'rywhere is found! Warn some oth - er ves - sels off from dang'rous ground:
trimm'd and burning bright; Try to be a blessing, brighten up the night:
you will pass no more; Till he bids you welcome on the oth - er shore,
Chorus.
Let the gos - pel light shine out. . . Let the gos - pel light shine
out, Let the gos - pel light shine out; While your lamp is
shine out, shine out;
burning, keep the windows clean, Let the gos - pel light shine out.
shine out.

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No. 17. The Ark of Safety.

LAVINIA E. BRAUFF. RUSSELL HANCOCK MILES.

1. With-in the ark of safe-ty I found a blest retreat; A hav-en where with
2. While in this ark of safe-ty My cloud of sins recede, When I acknowledge
3. This mighty ark was not made With hands on sinking ground, It is the lov-ing
Je-sus My soul can al-ways meet; The precious things he tells me Of
Je-sus And on his Spir-it feed; His mes-sag-es of mer-cy Are
Je-sus Whose great light I have found; This bless-ed ark of safe-ty Now
mansions bright a-bove, A-wak-en in my bo-som A longing for his love.
mu-sic to mine ear, And of his boundless wisdom My soul delights to hear.
stands for ev-'ry one Who will believe in Je-sus, The Father's on-ly Son.
CHORUS.
And Jesus, on-ly Jesus, Cru-cified, the Crucified,
And Je-sus, on-ly Je-sus, The Lamb, . . . the Cruci-fied,
Is my ark ark of safety, my soul can hide.
Is my ark, . . . my ark of safe-ty, Wherein, wherein my soul can hide. . . .

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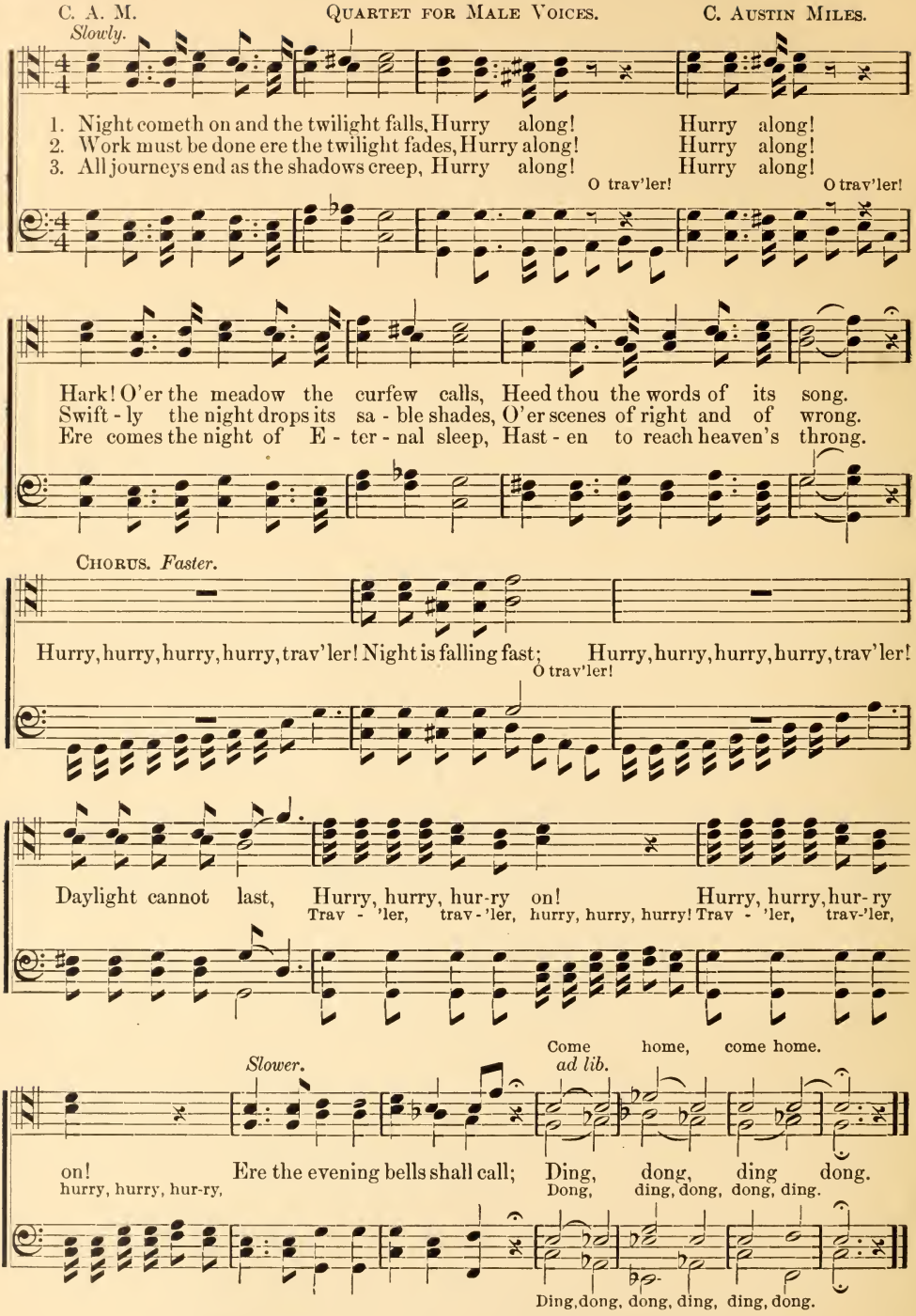
No. 18. Hurry Along!

C. A. M. QUARTET FOR MALE VOICES. C. AUSTIN MILES.

Slowly.


1. Night cometh on and the twilight falls, Hurry along! Hurry along!
2. Work must be done ere the twilight fades, Hurry along! Hurry along!
3. All journeys end as the shadows creep, Hurry along! Hurry along!
O trav'ler!
O trav'ler!
Hark! O'er the meadow the curfew calls, Heed thou the words of its song.
Swift-ly the night drops its sa-ble shades, O'er scenes of right and of wrong.
Ere comes the night of E-ter-nal sleep, Hast-en to reach heaven's throng.
CHORUS. *Faster.*
Hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry, trav'ler! Night is falling fast; Hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry, trav'ler!
O trav'ler!
Daylight cannot last, Hurry, hurry, hur-ry on! Hurry, hurry, hur-ry
Trav-'ler, trav-'ler, hurry, hurry, hurry! Trav-'ler, trav-'ler,
Come home, come home.
Slower. *ad lib.*
on! Ere the evening bells shall call; Ding, dong, ding dong.
hurry, hurry, hur-ry, Dong, ding, dong, dong, ding.
Ding, dong, dong, ding, ding, dong.

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No. 19. Never Alone.

ANNIE LEWIS PINFOLD. ADAM GEIBEL.

mf
dim.
mf
1. Nev - er a - lone do we journey be - low, Tho' dark clouds low - er and
2. Nev - er a - lone, tho' the path's rough and steep, He who is with us our
3. Nev - er a - lone, tho' oft - times we for - get When dangers threaten and
4. Nev - er a - lone, his strong arm will not fail E'en to up - hold us thro'
dim.
mf
dim.
mf
wild tempests blow; Je - sus, our Saviour, leads on day by day, He will go
foot - steps will keep. Safe o'er life's troubles he lifts us al - way; He will go
hard - ships be - set, If from the pathway we heedless - ly stray, Still he is
death's narrow vale, To that fair land where for - ev - er 'tis day, He will go
REFRAIN. f
with us each step of the way. Nev - er a - lone, he's a friend and a guide,
p
mf
Nev - er a - lone—ev - er close to our side. Nev - er a - lone, naught our
dim.
f
p
hearts should dismay, For he will go with us each step of the way.

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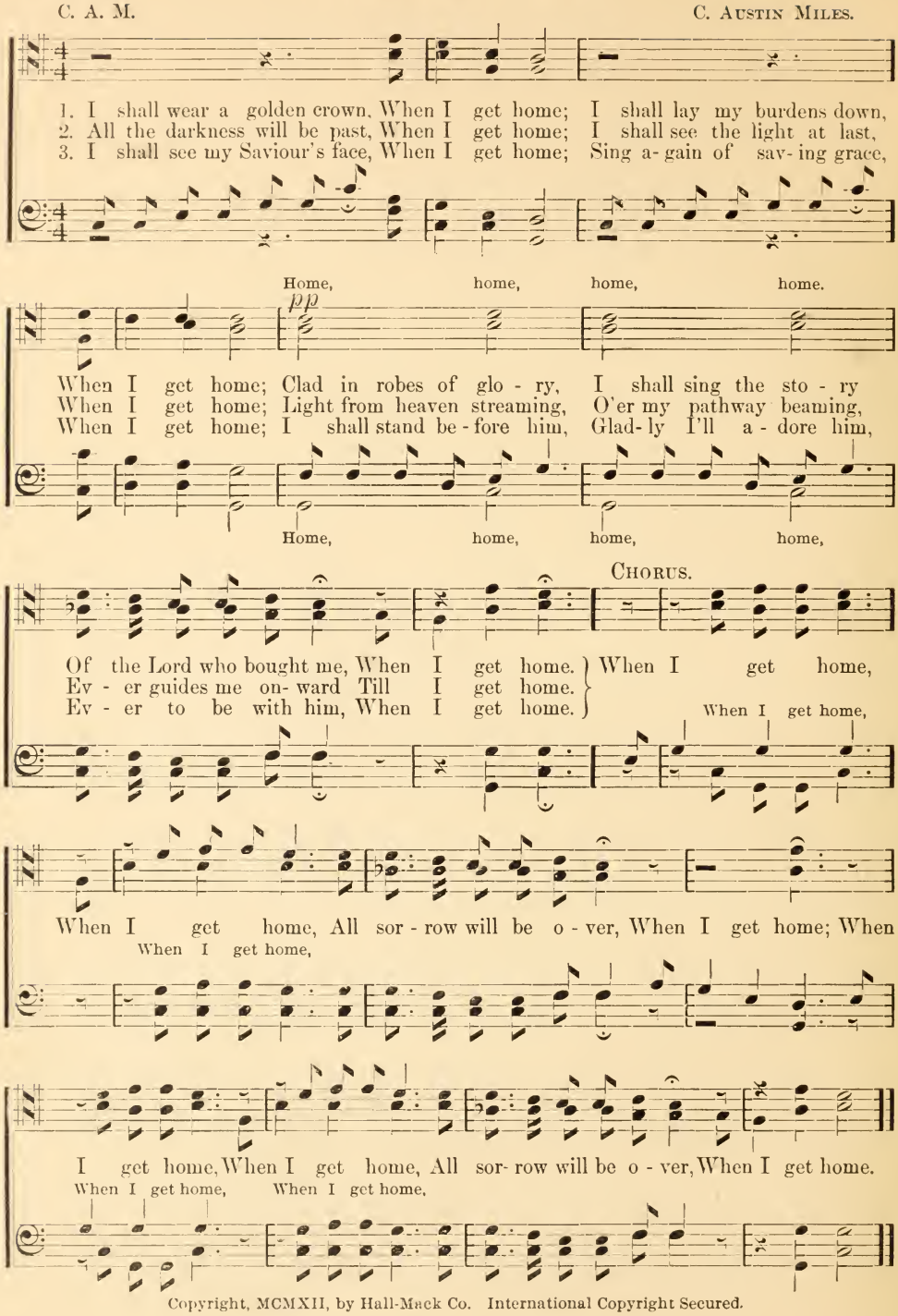
No. 20. When I Get Home.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.


1. I shall wear a golden crown, When I get home; I shall lay my burdens down,
2. All the darkness will be past, When I get home; I shall see the light at last,
3. I shall see my Saviour's face, When I get home; Sing a-gain of sav-ing grace,
Home, home, home, home.
When I get home; Clad in robes of glo-ry, I shall sing the sto-ry
When I get home; Light from heaven streaming, O'er my pathway beaming,
When I get home; I shall stand be-fore him, Glad-ly I'll a-dore him,
Home, home, home, home,
Chorus.
Of the Lord who bought me, When I get home.
Ev-er guides me on-ward Till I get home.
Ev-er to be with him, When I get home.
When I get home,
When I get home,
When I get home, All sor-row will be o-ver, When I get home; When
When I get home,
I get home, When I get home, All sor-row will be o-ver, When I get home.
When I get home, When I get home,

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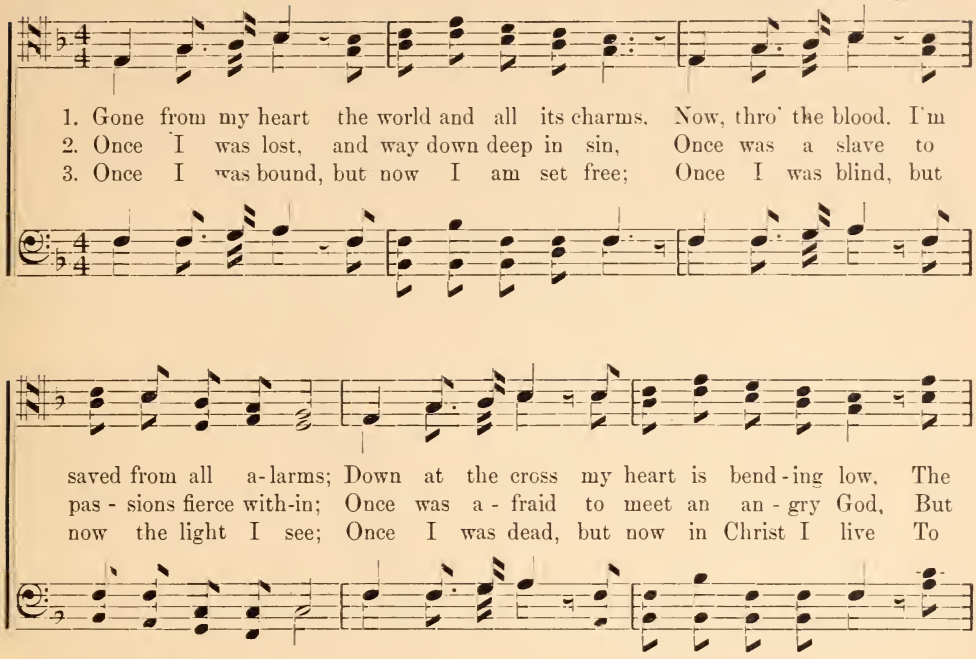
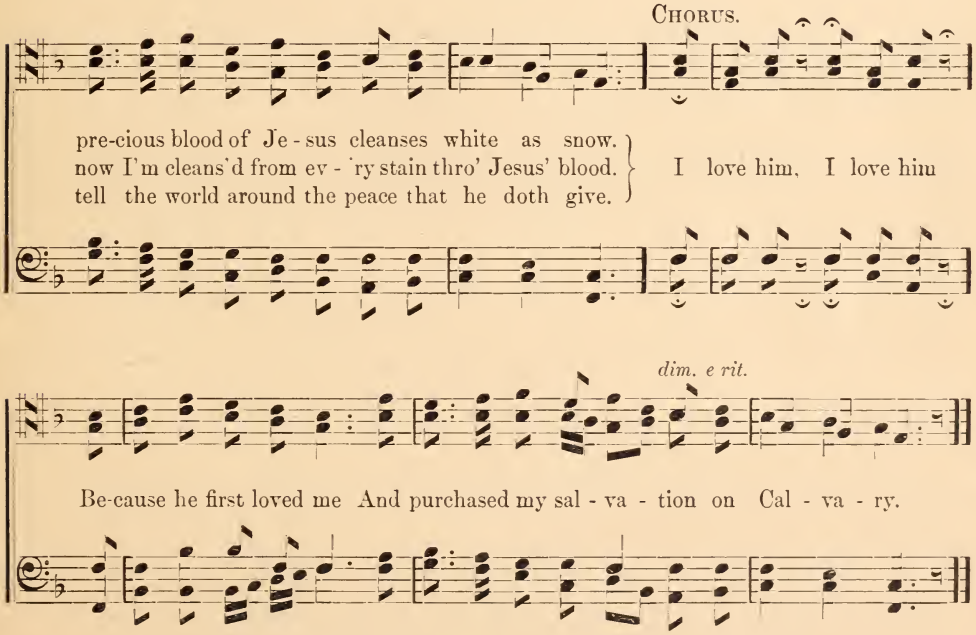
No. 21. I Love Him.

London Hymn Book. Arr. by J. Lincoln Hall.


1. Gone from my heart the world and all its charms. Now, thro' the blood. I'm
2. Once I was lost, and way down deep in sin, Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but
saved from all a-larms; Down at the cross my heart is bend-ing low. The
pas-sions fierce with-in; Once was a-fraid to meet an an-gry God, But
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live To


Chorus.
pre-cious blood of Je-sus cleanses white as snow.
now I'm cleans'd from ev-'ry stain thro' Jesus' blood.
tell the world around the peace that he doth give.
I love him, I love him
dim. e rit.
Be-cause he first loved me And purchased my sal-va-tion on Cal-va-ry.

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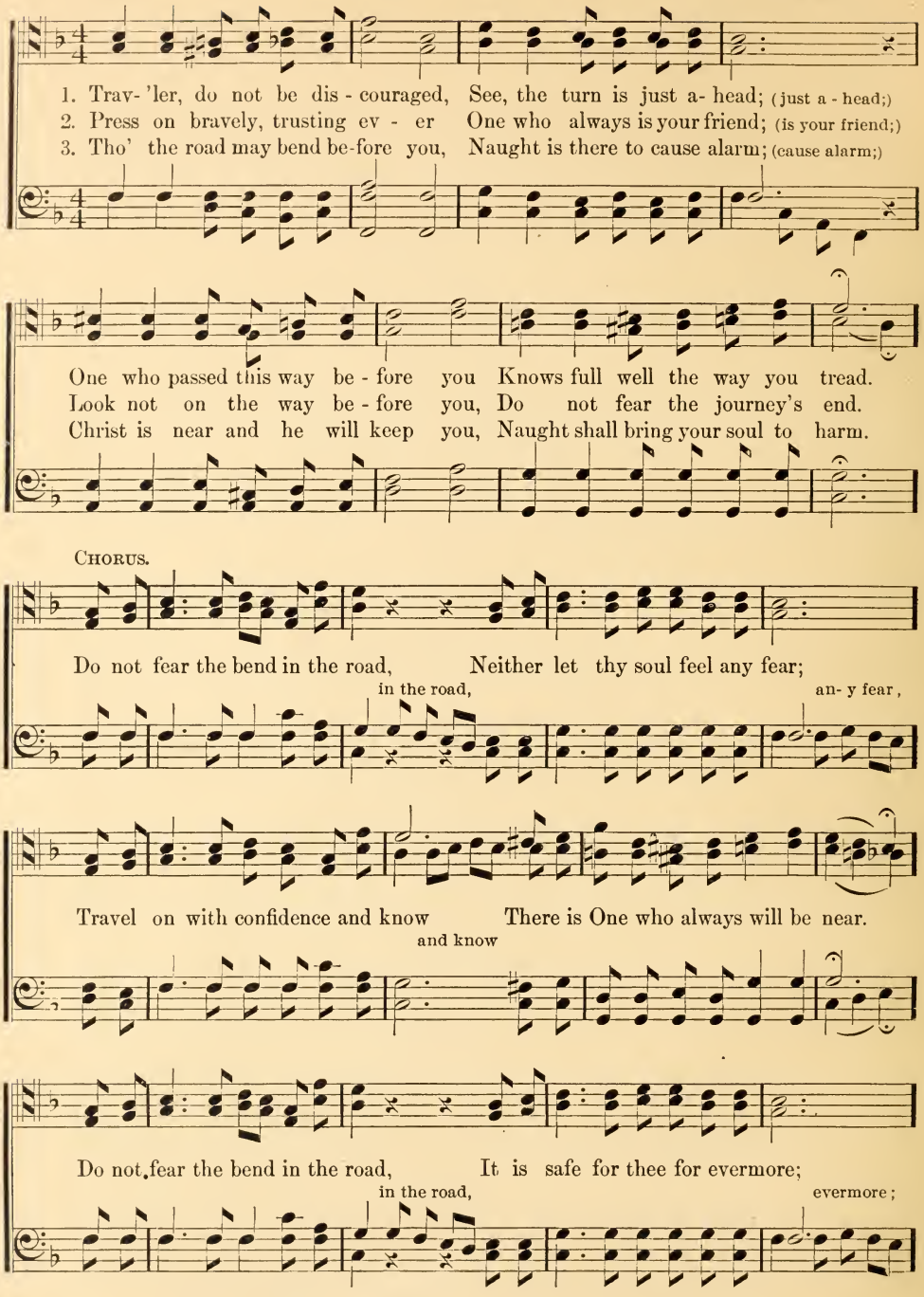
No. 22. The Bend in the Road.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.


1. Trav-'ler, do not be dis - couraged, See, the turn is just a- head; (just a - head;)
2. Press on bravely, trusting ev - er One who always is your friend; (is your friend;)
3. Tho' the road may bend be-fore you, Naught is there to cause alarm; (cause alarm;)
One who passed this way be - fore you Knows full well the way you tread.
Look not on the way be - fore you, Do not fear the journey's end.
Christ is near and he will keep you, Naught shall bring your soul to harm.
Chorus.
Do not fear the bend in the road, Neither let thy soul feel any fear;
in the road,
an- y fear,
Travel on with confidence and know There is One who always will be near.
and know
Do not fear the bend in the road, It is safe for thee for evermore;
in the road,
evermore;

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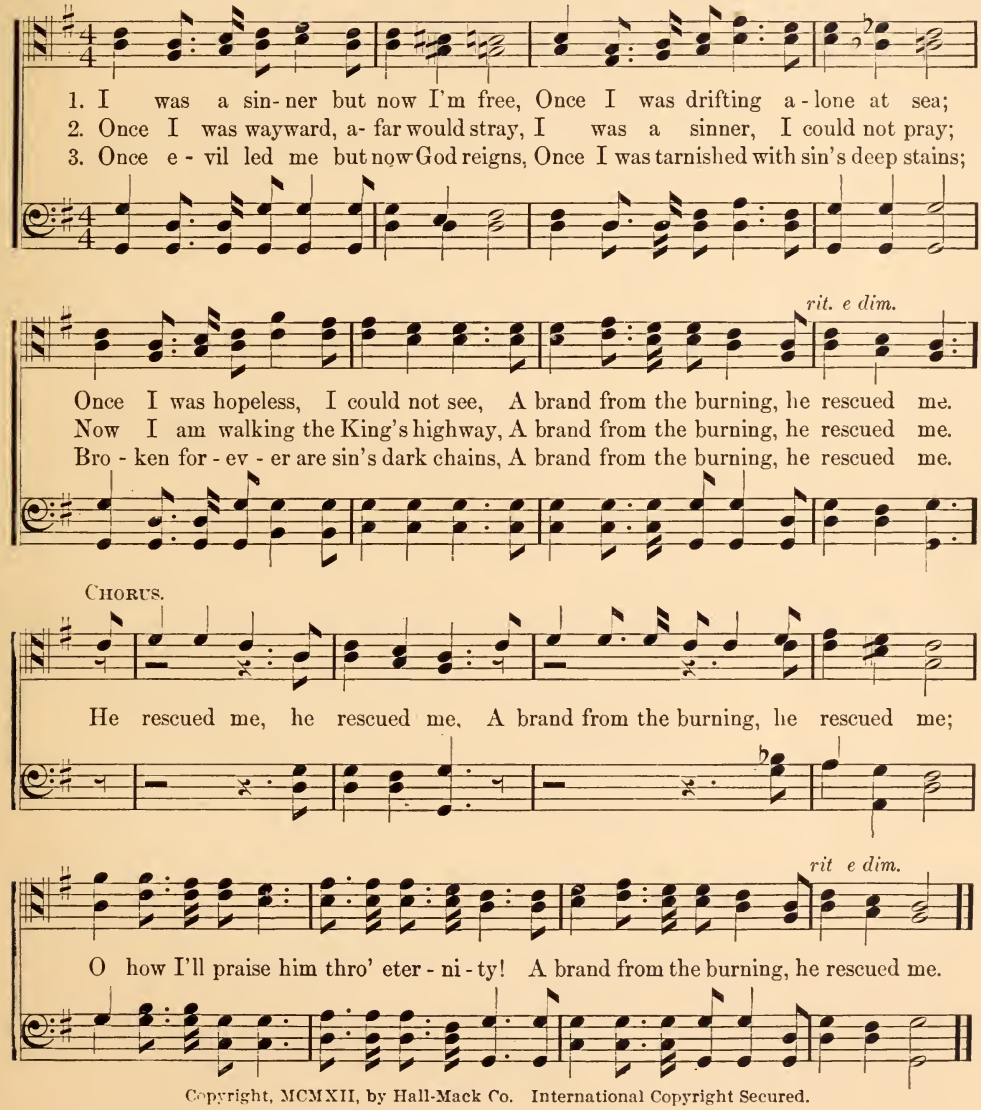
The Bend in the Road.—Concluded.

No. 23. He Rescued Me.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH. J. LINCOLN HALL.


1. I was a sin - ner but now I'm free, Once I was drifting a - lone at sea;
2. Once I was wayward, a - far would stray, I was a sinner, I could not pray;
3. Once e - vil led me but now God reigns, Once I was tarnished with sin's deep stains;
rit. e dim.
Once I was hopeless, I could not see, A brand from the burning, he rescued me.
Now I am walking the King's highway, A brand from the burning, he rescued me.
Bro - ken for - ev - er are sin's dark chains, A brand from the burning, he rescued me.
CHORUS.
He rescued me, he rescued me, A brand from the burning, he rescued me;
rit e dim.
O how I'll praise him thro' eter - ni - ty! A brand from the burning, he rescued me.

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No. 24. Satisfied.

MINNIE DIETRICH. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Some day, when..... all my heartaches cease, And I shall rest in,
1. Some day, when all my heartaches cease, ... And I shall rest in per - fect
2. Some day, these wear-y eyes will close, ... And I shall sink to sweet re -
3. Some day, when burdens are laid down, ... And I re- ceive the vic - tor's
4. Some day, when on my list'ning ear, ... Shall fall the song of heav'nly
1. Some day, when all my heartaches cease, rest in,
rest in perfect peace; Where pain and..... eare can- not an - noy, Then sweetest
peace; . . . . . Where pain and care can- not an - noy, ... Then sweetest
pose; . . . . . Then I shall wake in glad sur - prise, ... And in my
crown; . . . . . I shall be free from ev- 'ry fear, ... And God will
cheer; . . . . . When I shall tread the golden street, ... And there my
rest in prefect peace; Where pain and eare can- not an - noy.
CHORUS.
pleas - - ures pleasures I'll en - joy.
pleas- ures I'll en - joy. . . . . .
Sav - iour's im - age rise. . . . . .
wipe a - way each tear. . . . . .
pre - cious loved ones greet. . . . . .
And I'll be sat - is-fied, Yes, I'll be
Pleas - - ures, pleasures I'll en - joy
sat - is - fied, When I shall stand redeemed by grace, ... And I'll be
redeemed by grace;

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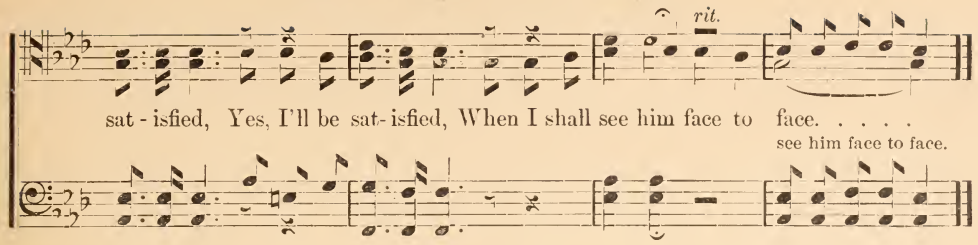
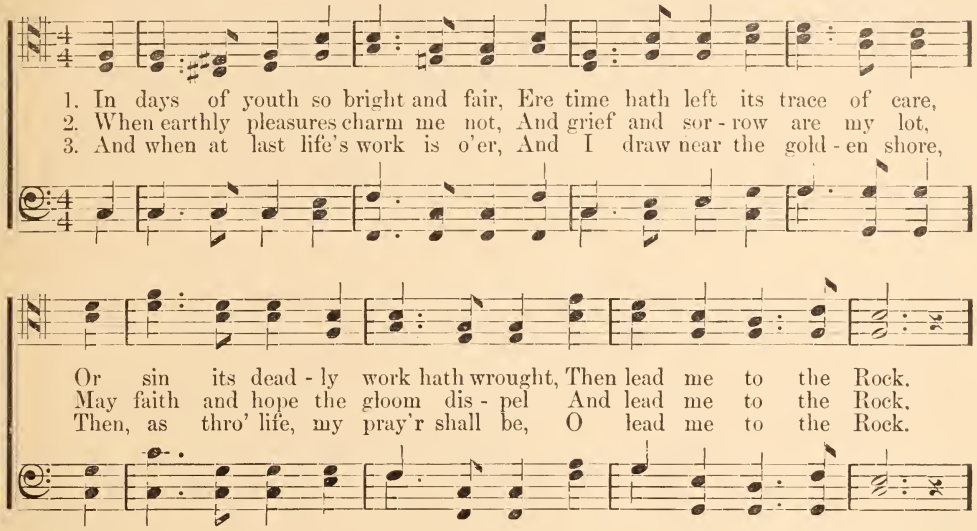
Satisfied.—Concluded.

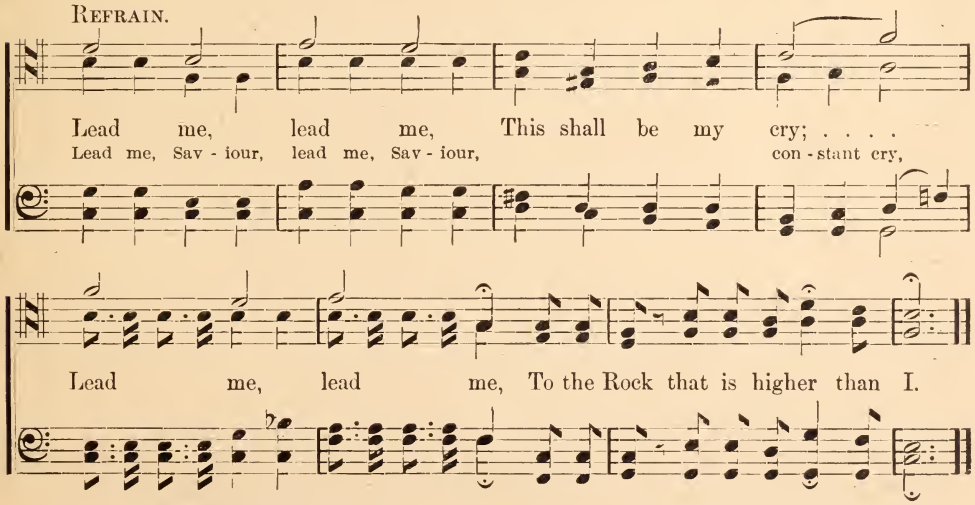


No. 25. Lead Me to Rock.

J. Burtis White. Adam Geibel.


1. In days of youth so bright and fair, Ere time hath left its trace of care,
2. When earthly pleasures charm me not, And grief and sor - row are my lot,
3. And when at last life's work is o'er, And I draw near the gold - en shore,
Or sin its dead - ly work hath wrought, Then lead me to the Rock.
May faith and hope the gloom dis - pel And lead me to the Rock.
Then, as thro' life, my pray'r shall be, O lead me to the Rock.

Refrain.


Lead me, lead me, This shall be my cry; . . . .
Lead me, Sav - iour, lead me, Sav - iour, con - stant cry,
Lead me, lead me, To the Rock that is higher than I.

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No. 26. Nearer, My God, to Thee

S. F. Adams. Carl Jean Tolman.

Adagio con molto expressione.

pp *ppp* *p* *ppp*

1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee; E'en tho' it be a cross,
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, Day - light all gone, Dark-ness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way appear Steps un - to heav'n, All that thou send-est me,
4. Or if, on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon and stars for-got,

pp

mf *accel.*

That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my
My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my
In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my
Up - ward I fly; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my

mf *accel.*

ff *slowly.* *p* *molto rit.* *ppp*

God, to thee, Near - er my, God to thee, Near - er to thee.

ff *slowly.* *p molto rit.* *ppp*

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Nearer, My God, to Thee.—Concluded.

Chorus.
1. Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to thee,
Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to thee,
Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near - er, my God, to thee,
An - gels to beck - on me, Near - er, my God, to thee,
Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to thee,
Near - er,
pp
p
pp
Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee, Near - er to thee.

No. 27. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

S. F. Adams. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee; E'en tho' it
ores.
be a cross, that rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my
God, to thee, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.

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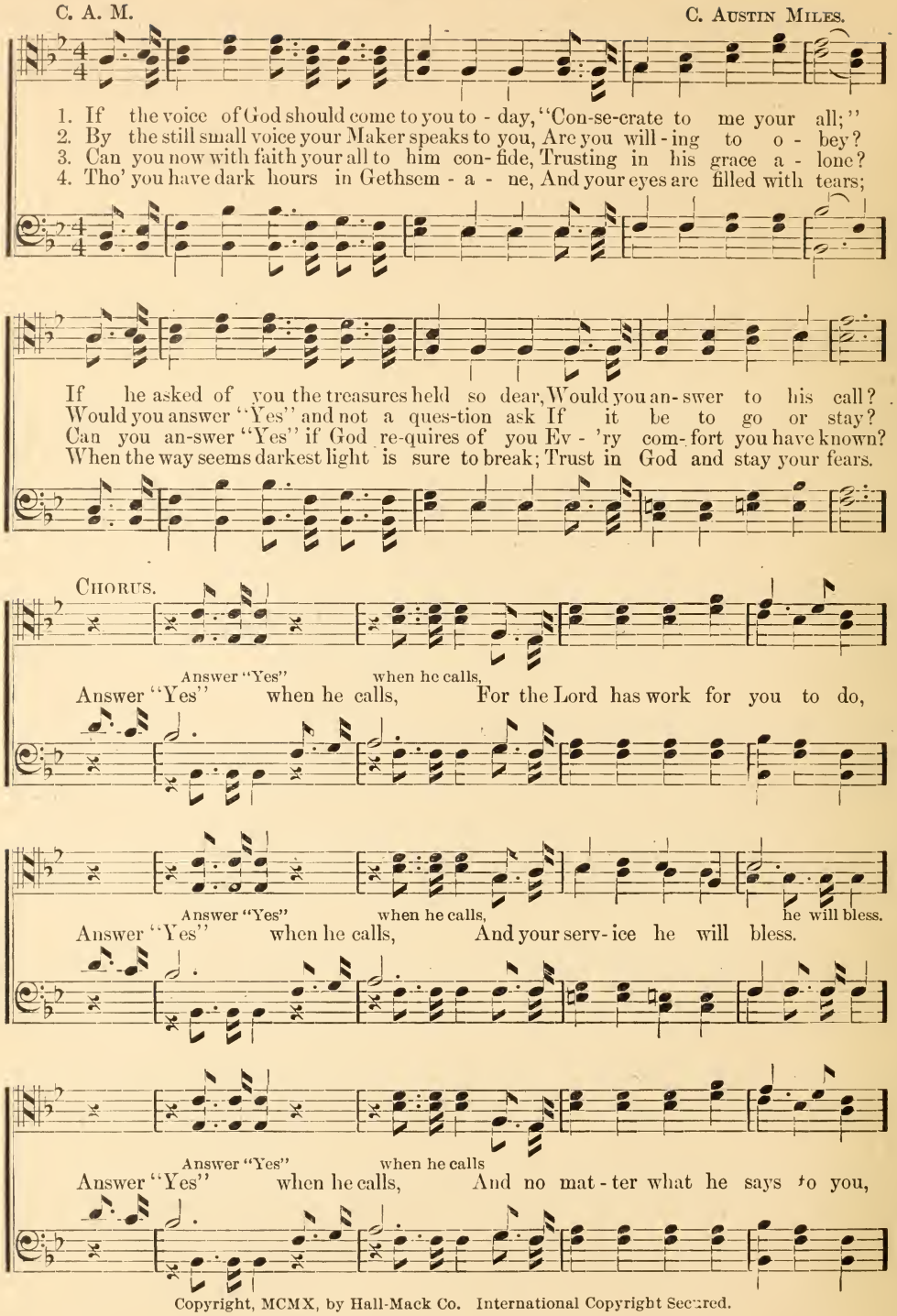
No. 28. Answer "Yes."

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.


1. If the voice of God should come to you to - day, "Con-se-crate to me your all;"
2. By the still small voice your Maker speaks to you, Are you will - ing to o - bey?
3. Can you now with faith your all to him con- fide, Trusting in his grace a - lone?
4. Tho' you have dark hours in Gethsem - a - ne, And your eyes are filled with tears;
If he asked of you the treasures held so dear, Would you an- swer to his call?
Would you answer "Yes" and not a ques-tion ask If it be to go or stay?
Can you an-swer "Yes" if God re-quires of you Ev - 'ry com- fort you have known?
When the way seems darkest light is sure to break; Trust in God and stay your fears.
Chorus.
Answer "Yes" when he calls,
Answer "Yes" when he calls, For the Lord has work for you to do,
Answer "Yes" when he calls, he will bless.
Answer "Yes" when he calls, And your serv- ice he will bless.
Answer "Yes" when he calls
Answer "Yes" when he calls, And no mat - ter what he says to you,

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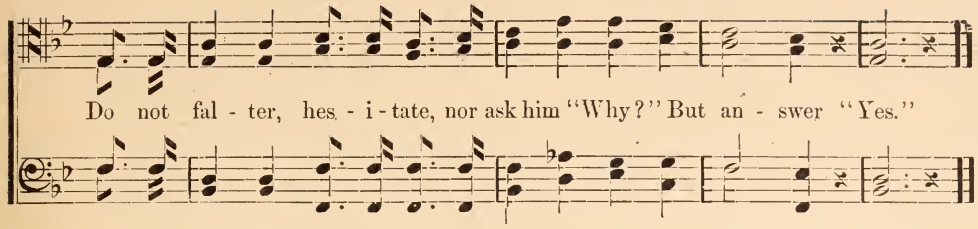
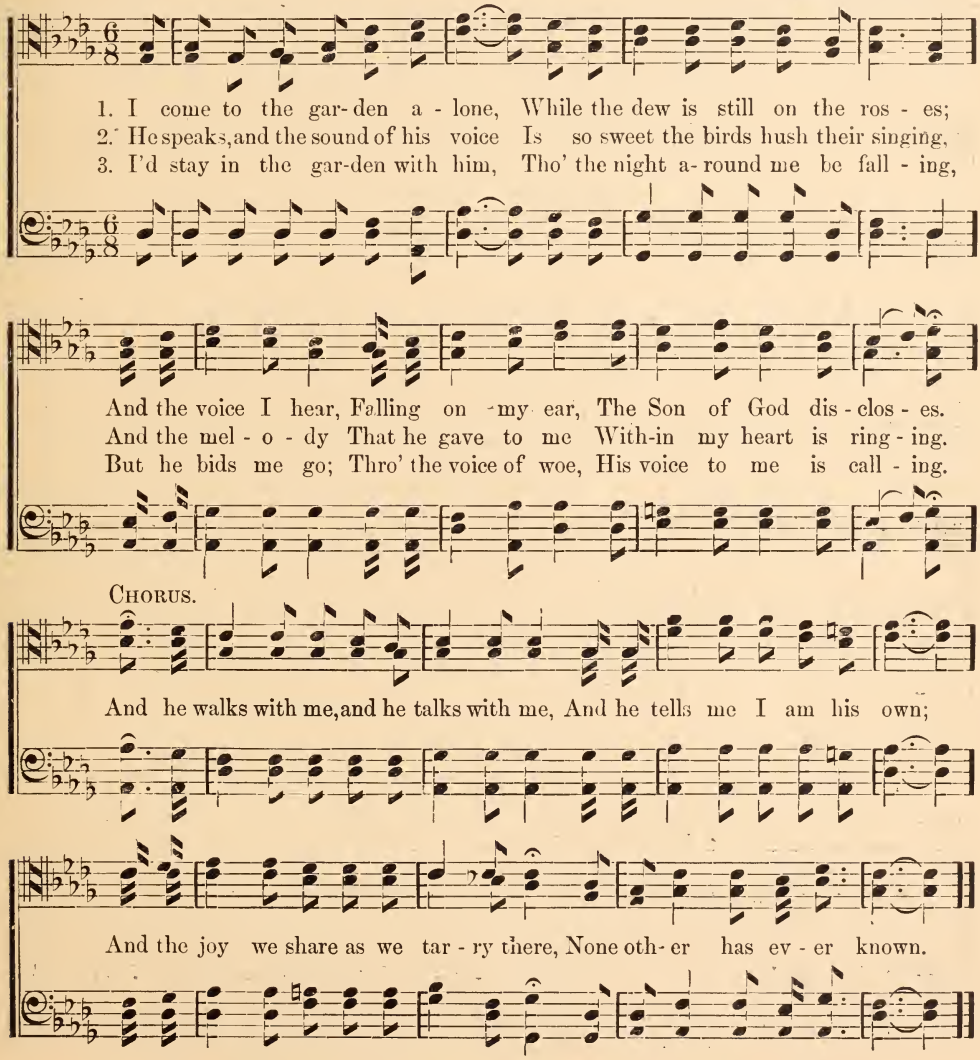
Answer "Yes."—Concluded.



No. 29. In the Garden.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.


1. I come to the gar-den a - lone, While the dew is still on the ros - es;
2. He speaks, and the sound of his voice Is so sweet the birds hush their singing,
3. I'd stay in the gar-den with him, Tho' the night a-round me be fall - ing,
And the voice I hear, Falling on my ear, The Son of God dis - clos - es.
And the mel - o - dy That he gave to me With-in my heart is ring - ing.
But he bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe, His voice to me is call - ing.
Chorus.
And he walks with me, and he talks with me, And he tells me I am his own;
And the joy we share as we tar - ry there, None oth - er has ev - er known.

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No. 30. He Leadeth Me.

Rev. Joseph H. Gilmore. Arr. by J. Lincoln Hall.

1st and 2d Tenor.
1. He leadeth me, O blessed thought! O words with heav'n ly comfort fraught! What-
2. Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor repine; Con-
1st and 2d Ten.
e'er I do, wher - e'er I be Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me. Sometimes 'mid
tent, whatev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that leadeth me. And when my
1st and 2d Ten.
scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By wa - ters still, o'er
task on earth is done, When, by thy grace, the vict'ry's won, E'en death's cold wave I
1st and 2d Bass.
1st Tenor.
troubled sea, Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me, Still 'tis his hand that lead - eth me,
will not flee, Since God thro' Jordan leadeth me, Since God thro' Jordan lead - eth me,
1st and 2d Bass.
Four Parts.
1st and 2d Ten.
f ad lib.
Still 'tis his hand that lead - eth me, Leadeth, leadeth me, Leadeth, leadeth me.
Since God thro' Jordan lead - eth me, Leadeth, leadeth me, Leadeth, leadeth me.
f

* If four-part harmony is desired 1st and 2d Bass may sing small notes.

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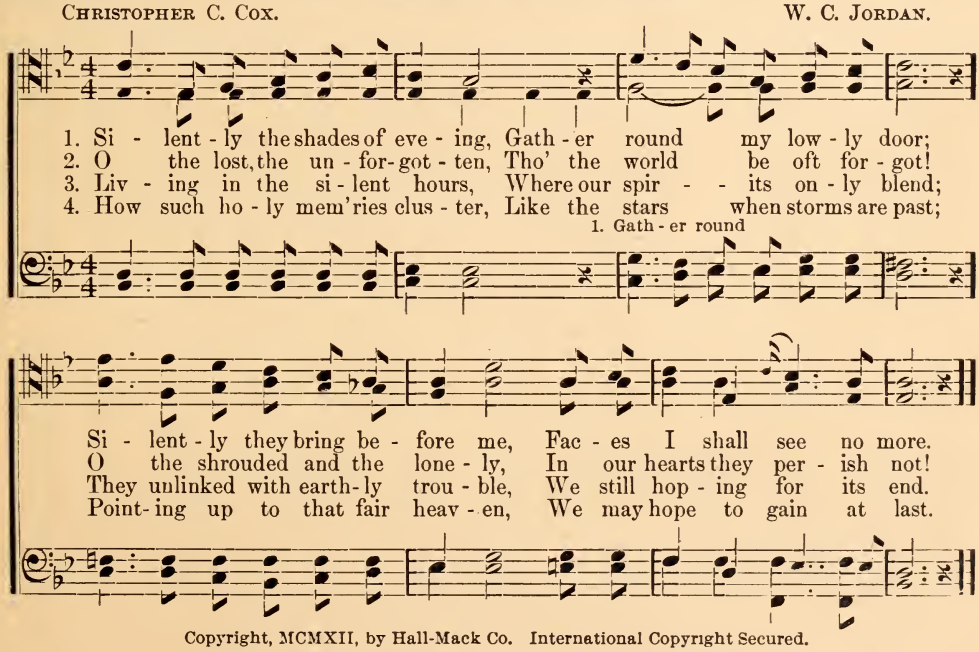
He Leadeth Me.—Concluded.

Chorus.
He leadeth me! He leadeth me! By his own hand he leadeth me; His faithful
leadeth me!
fol - low'r I would be, For by his hand he leadeth me; He lead - - eth
rit.
lead - eth me! By his hand, by his hand, He lead-eth leadeth me.

No. 31. The Shades of Evening.


Christopher C. Cox.
W. C. Jordan.
1. Si - lent - ly the shades of eve - ing, Gath - er round my low - ly door;
2. O the lost, the un - for-got - ten, Tho' the world be oft for - got!
3. Liv - ing in the si - lent hours, Where our spir - - its on - ly blend;
4. How such ho - ly mem'ries clus - ter, Like the stars when storms are past;
1. Gath - er round
Si - lent - ly they bring be - fore me, Fac - es I shall see no more.
O the shrouded and the lone - ly, In our hearts they per - ish not!
They unlinked with earth-ly trou - ble, We still hop - ing for its end.
Point-ing up to that fair heav - en, We may hope to gain at last.

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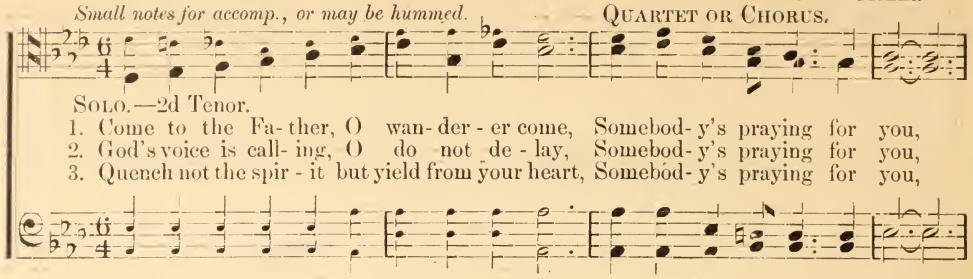
No. 32. Somebody's Praying for You.

IDA L. REED. C. AUSTIN MILES.

Small notes for accomp., or may be hummed.

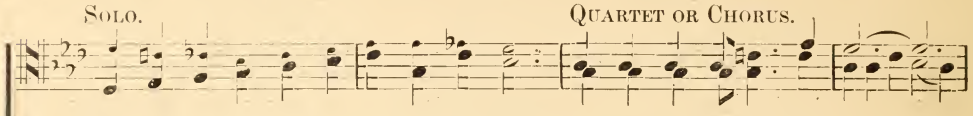
QUARTET OR CHORUS.



SOLO.—2d Tenor.

1. Come to the Fa-ther, O wan-der-er come, Somebod-y's praying for you,
2. God's voice is call-ing, O do not de-lay, Somebod-y's praying for you,
3. Quench not the spir-it but yield from your heart, Somebod-y's praying for you,

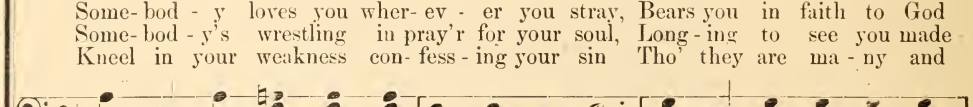
SOLO. QUARTET OR CHORUS.



Turn from the sin-paths no lon-ger to roam Somebod-y's praying for you. . . .
Bow at the mer-cy seat, bend while you may Somebod-y's praying for you. . . .
God waits his par-don, his peace to im-part Somebod-y's praying for you. . . .
is praying for you,

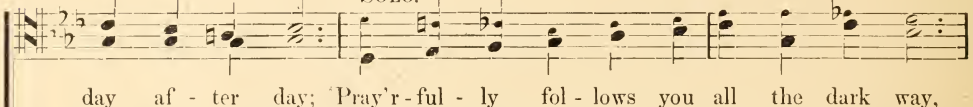
Some-bod-y loves you wher-ev-er you stray, Bears you in faith to God
Some-bod-y's wrestling in pray'r for your soul, Long-ing to see you made
Kneel in your weakness con-fess-ing your sin Tho' they are ma-ny and

SOLO.

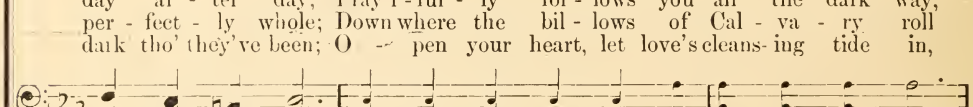


day af-ter day; Pray'r-ful-ly fol-lows you all the dark way,
per-fect-ly whole; Down where the bil-lows of Cal-va-ry roll
dark tho' they've been; O -- pen your heart, let love's cleans-ing tide in,

QUARTET OR CHORUS. *p* CHORUS. (For You I Am Praying.)



Some-bod-y's praying for you, for you. For you I am pray-ing, For



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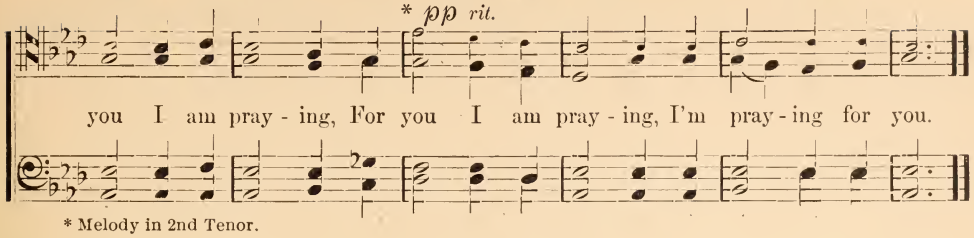
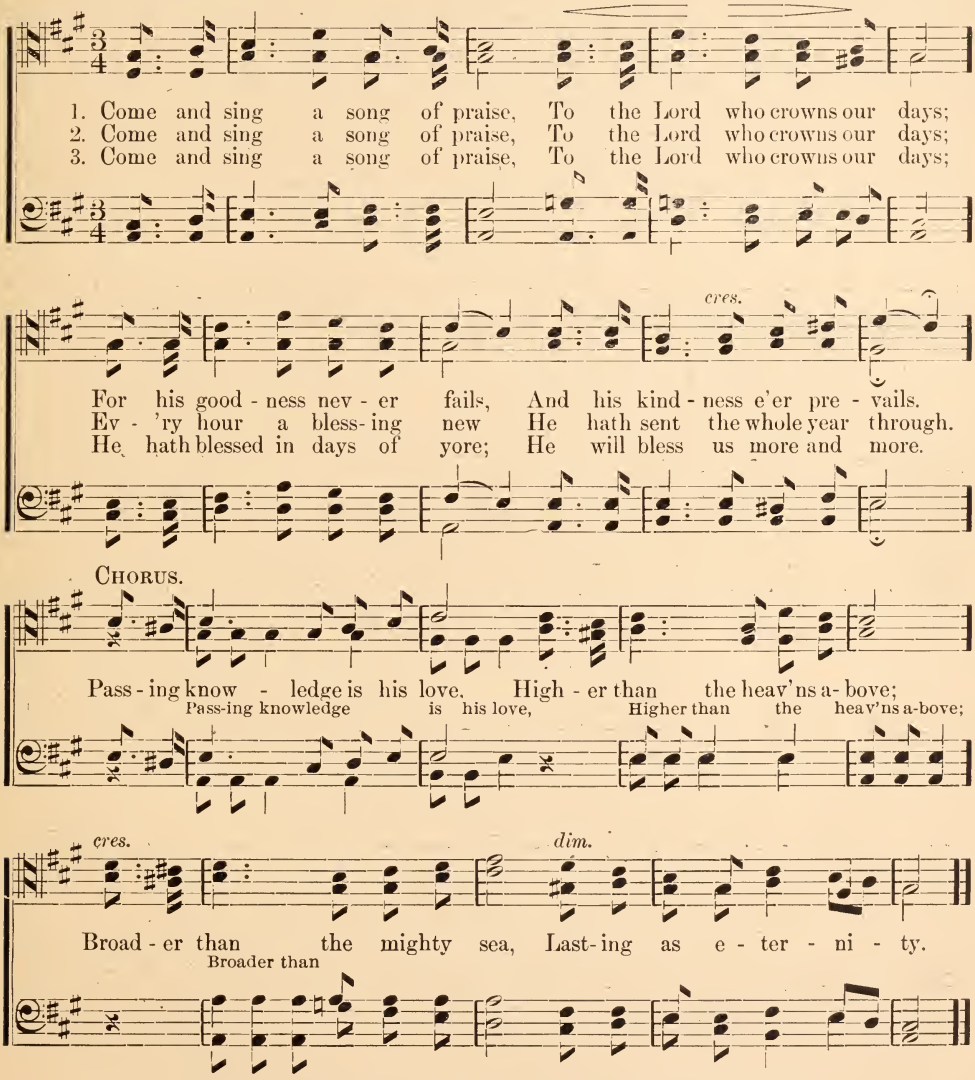
Somebody's Praying for You.—Concluded.



* Melody in 2nd Tenor.

No. 33. A Song of Praise.

BERTHA E. BUSH. W. C. JORDAN.


1. Come and sing a song of praise, To the Lord who crowns our days;
2. Come and sing a song of praise, To the Lord who crowns our days;
3. Come and sing a song of praise, To the Lord who crowns our days;
cres.
For his good - ness nev - er fails, And his kind - ness e'er pre - vails.
Ev - 'ry hour a bless - ing new He hath sent the whole year through.
He hath blessed in days of yore; He will bless us more and more.
CHORUS.
Pass - ing know - ledge is his love. High - er than the heav'ns a - bove;
Pass-ing knowledge is his love, Higher than the heav'ns a-bove;
cres.
dim.
Broad - er than the mighty sea, Last - ing as e - ter - ni - ty.
Broader than

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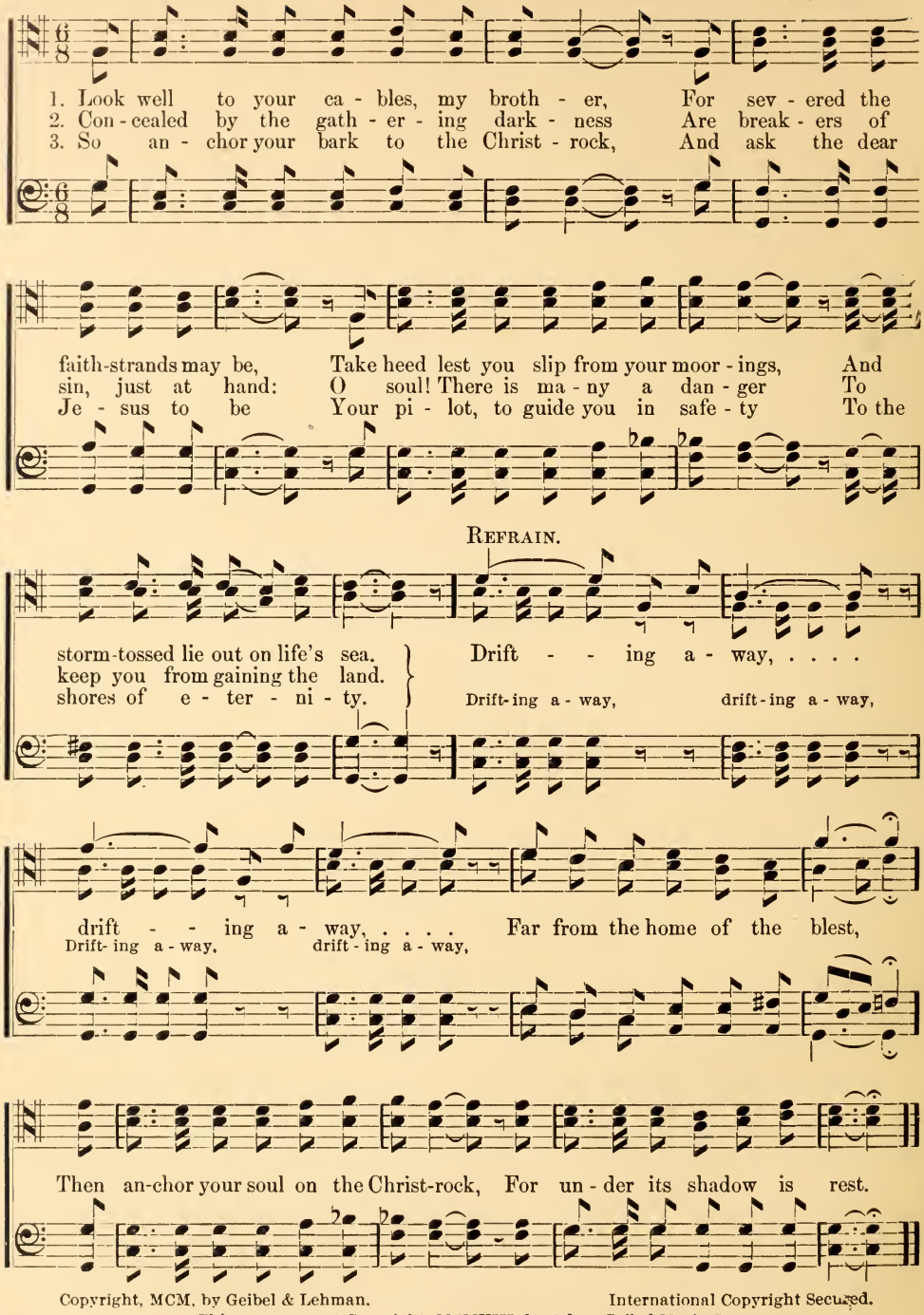
No. 34. Anchor Your Bark.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. ADAM GEIBEL.


1. Look well to your ca - bles, my broth - er, For sev - ered the
2. Con - cealed by the gath - er - ing dark - ness Are break - ers of
3. So an - chor your bark to the Christ - rock, And ask the dear
faith-strands may be, Take heed lest you slip from your moor - ings, And
sin, just at hand: O soul! There is ma - ny a dan - ger To
Je - sus to be Your pi - lot, to guide you in safe - ty To the
REFRAIN.
storm-tossed lie out on life's sea.
keep you from gaining the land.
shores of e - ter - ni - ty.
Drift - - ing a - way, ...
Drift-ing a - way, drift-ing a - way,
drift - - ing a - way, ...
Drift-ing a - way, drift-ing a - way,
Far from the home of the blest,
Then an-chor your soul on the Christ-rock, For un - der its shadow is rest.

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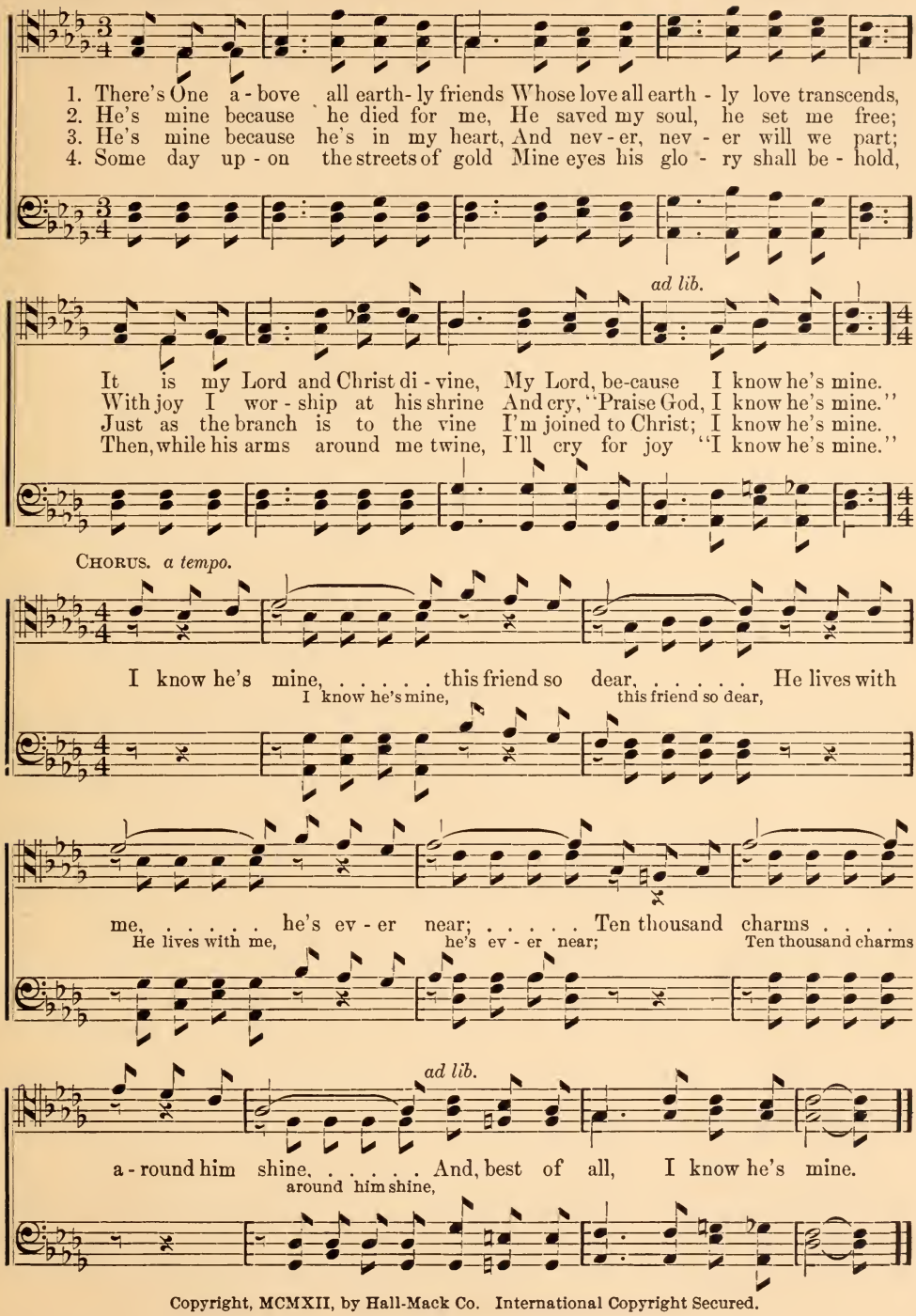
No. 35. I Know He's Mine.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. B. Frank Butts.


1. There's One a - bove all earth- ly friends Whose love all earth - ly love transcends,
2. He's mine because he died for me, He saved my soul, he set me free;
3. He's mine because he's in my heart, And nev - er, nev - er will we part;
4. Some day up - on the streets of gold Mine eyes his glo - ry shall be - hold,
ad lib.
It is my Lord and Christ di - vine, My Lord, be-cause I know he's mine.
With joy I wor - ship at his shrine And cry, "Praise God, I know he's mine."
Just as the branch is to the vine I'm joined to Christ; I know he's mine.
Then, while his arms around me twine, I'll cry for joy "I know he's mine."
Chorus. a tempo.
I know he's mine, ... this friend so dear, ... He lives with
I know he's mine, this friend so dear,
me, ... he's ev - er near; . . . . . Ten thousand charms . . . .
He lives with me, he's ev - er near; Ten thousand charms
ad lib.
a - round him shine, ... And, best of all, I know he's mine.
around him shine,

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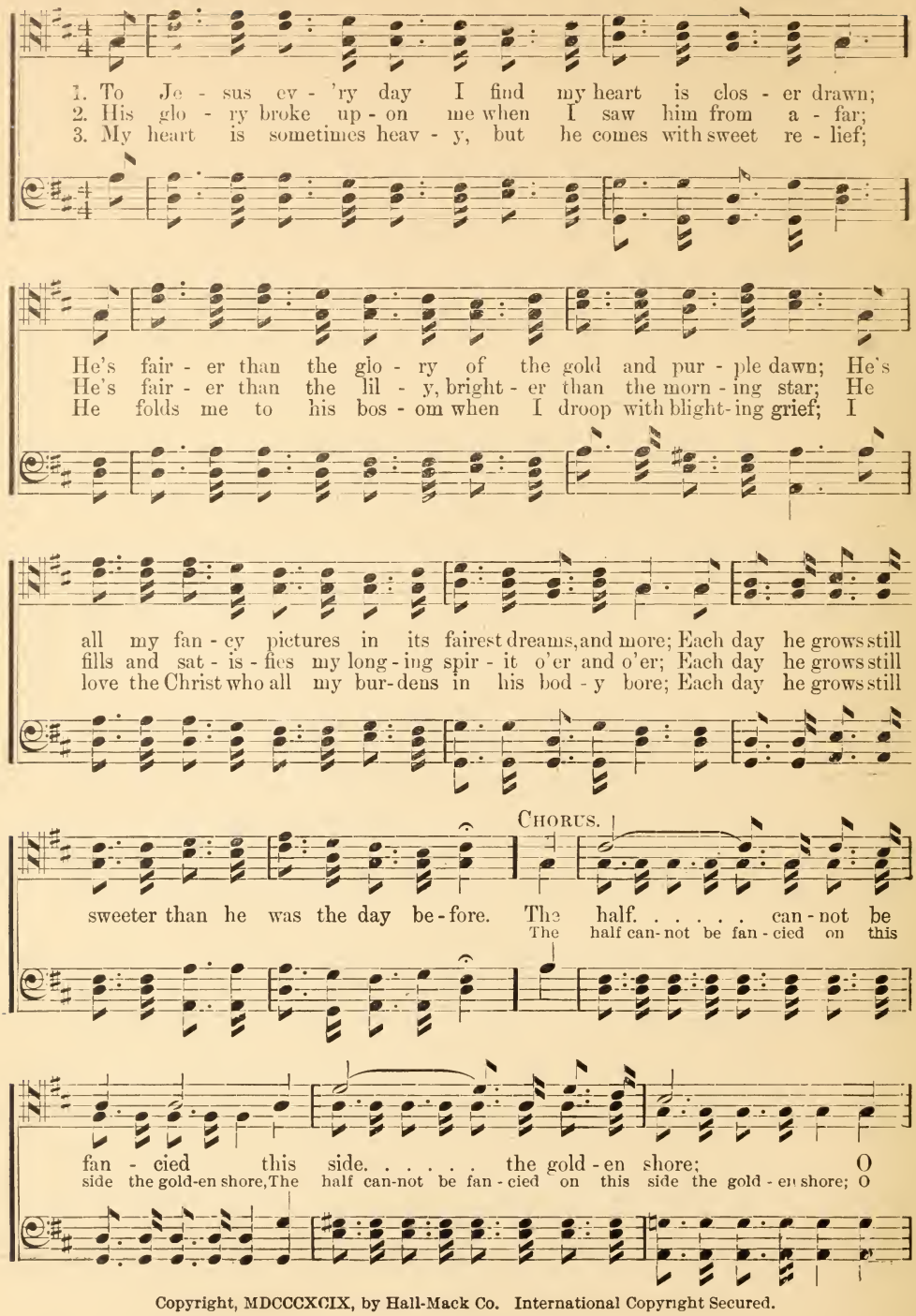
No. 36. Still Sweeter Every Day.

W. C. MARTIN. C. AUSTIN MILES.


1. To Je - sus ev - 'ry day I find my heart is clos - er drawn;
2. His glo - ry broke up - on me when I saw him from a - far;
3. My heart is sometimes heav - y, but he comes with sweet re - lief;
He's fair - er than the glo - ry of the gold and pur - ple dawn; He's
He's fair - er than the lil - y, bright - er than the morn - ing star; He
He folds me to his bos - om when I droop with blight - ing grief; I
all my fan - cy pictures in its fairest dreams, and more; Each day he grows still
fills and sat - is - fies my long - ing spir - it o'er and o'er; Each day he grows still
love the Christ who all my bur - dens in his bod - y bore; Each day he grows still
CHORUS.
sweeter than he was the day be - fore. The half. . . . . can - not be
The half can - not be fan - cied on this
fan - cied this side. . . . . the gold - en shore; O
side the gold - en shore, The half can - not be fan - cied on this side the gold - en shore; O

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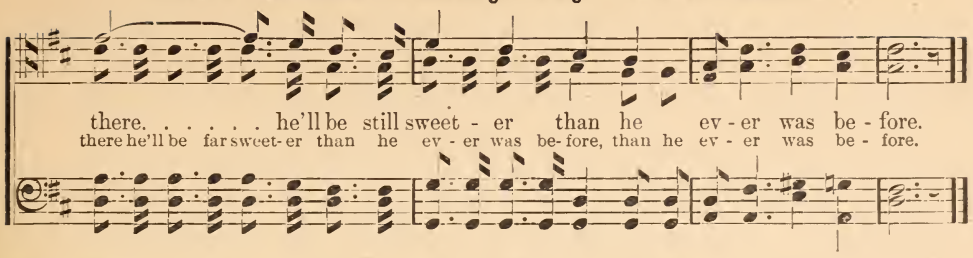
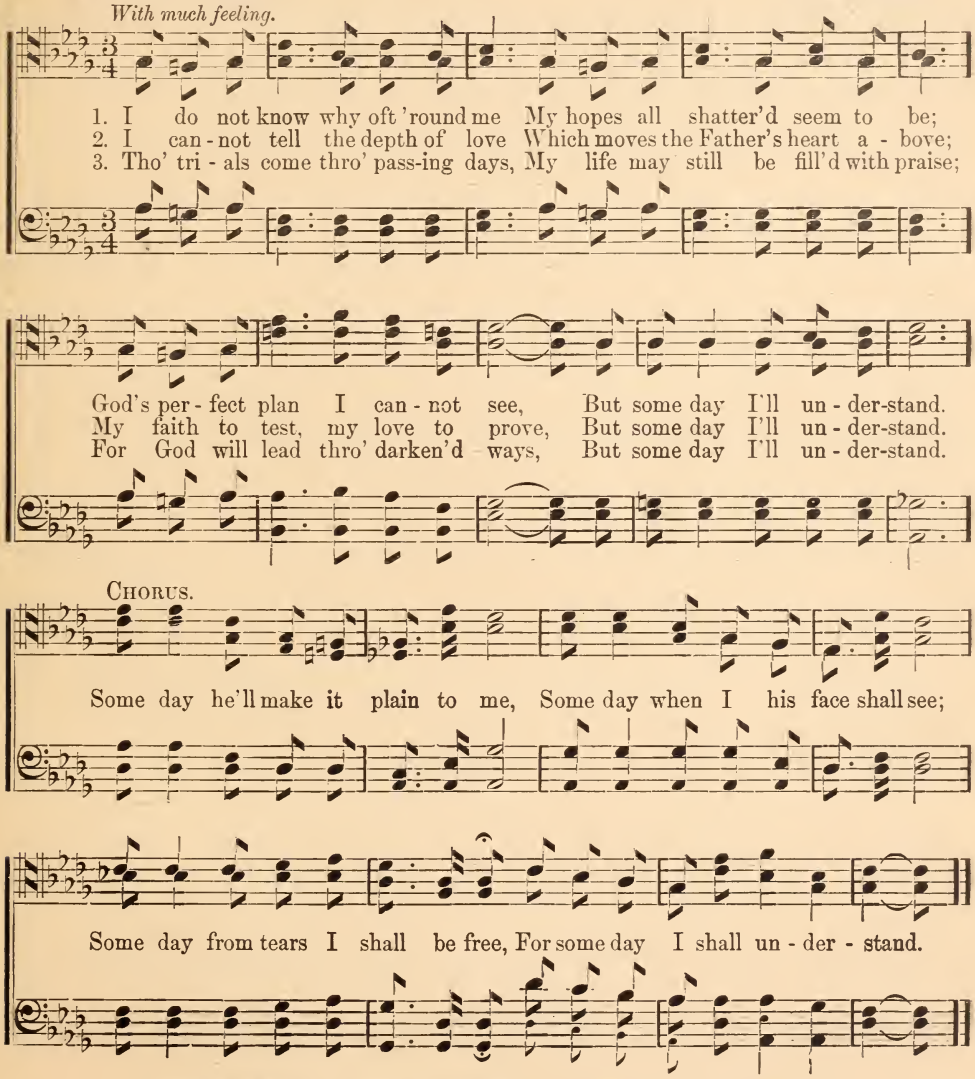
Still Sweeter Every Day.—Concluded.


there. . . . . he'll be still sweet - er than he ev - er was be - fore.
there he'll be far sweet-er than he ev - er was be-fore, than he ev - er was be - fore.

No. 37. Some Day He'll Make it Plain.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH. ADAM GEIBEL.

With much feeling.


1. I do not know why oft 'round me My hopes all shatter'd seem to be;
2. I can - not tell the depth of love Which moves the Father's heart a - bove;
3. Tho' tri - als come thro' pass-ing days, My life may still be fill'd with praise;
God's per - fect plan I can - not see, But some day I'll un - der-stand.
My faith to test, my love to prove, But some day I'll un - der-stand.
For God will lead thro' darken'd ways, But some day I'll un - der-stand.
CHORUS.
Some day he'll make it plain to me, Some day when I his face shall see;
Some day from tears I shall be free, For some day I shall un - der - stand.

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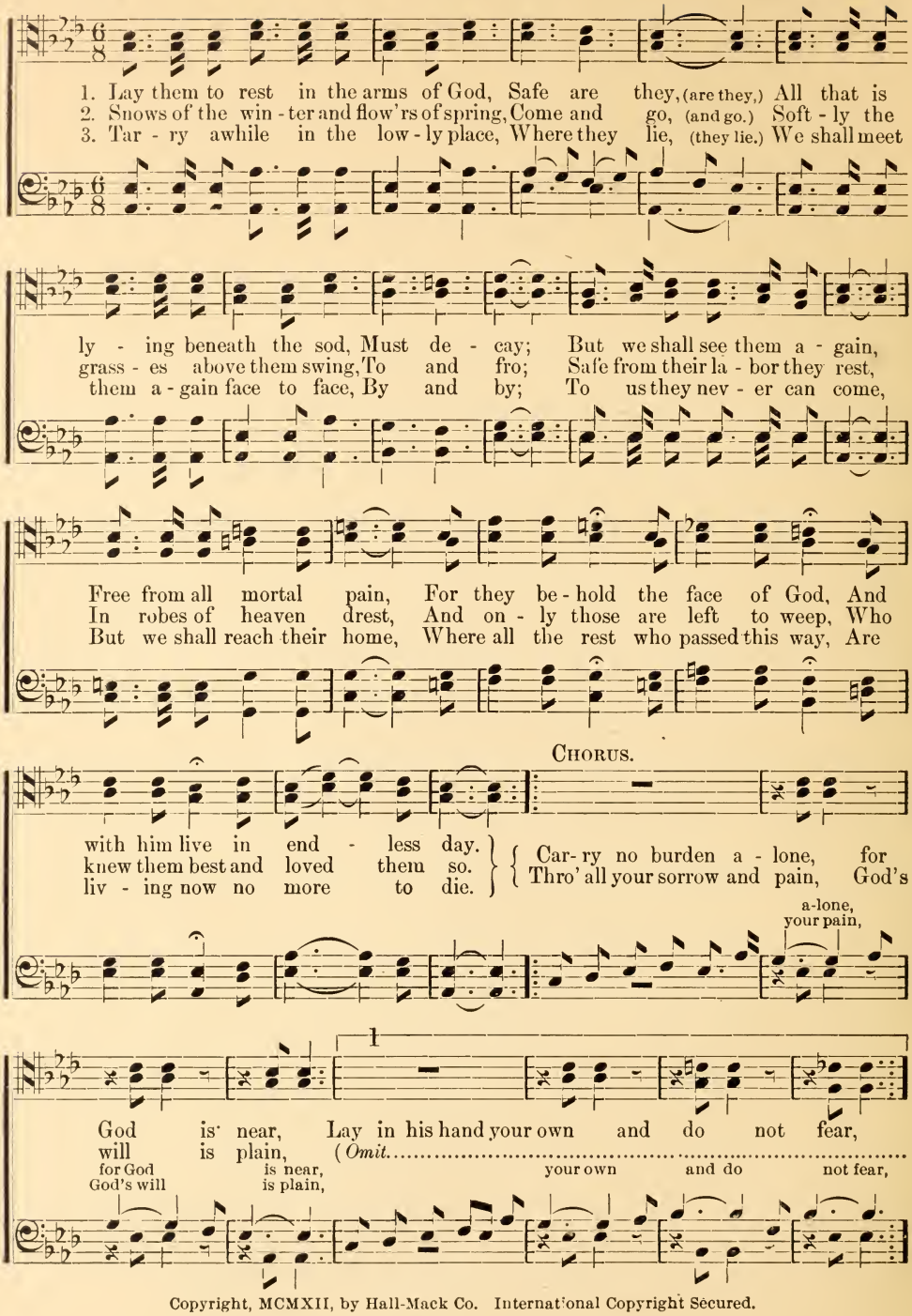
No. 38. Lay Them to Rest.

C. A. M. (Funeral Hymn.) C. Austin Miles.


1. Lay them to rest in the arms of God, Safe are they, (are they,) All that is
2. Snows of the win - ter and flow'rs of spring, Come and go, (and go.) Soft - ly the
3. Tar - ry awhile in the low - ly place, Where they lie, (they lie.) We shall meet
ly - ing beneath the sod, Must de - cay; But we shall see them a - gain,
grass - es above them swing, To and fro; Safe from their la - bor they rest,
them a - gain face to face, By and by; To us they nev - er can come,
Free from all mortal pain, For they be - hold the face of God, And
In robes of heaven drest, And on - ly those are left to weep, Who
But we shall reach their home, Where all the rest who passed this way, Are
Chorus.
with him live in end - less day.
knew them best and loved them so.
liv - ing now no more to die.
Car - ry no burden a - lone, for
Thro' all your sorrow and pain, God's
a-lone,
your pain,
1
God is near, Lay in his hand your own and do not fear,
will is plain, (Omit.....
for God is near, your own and do not fear,
God's will is plain,

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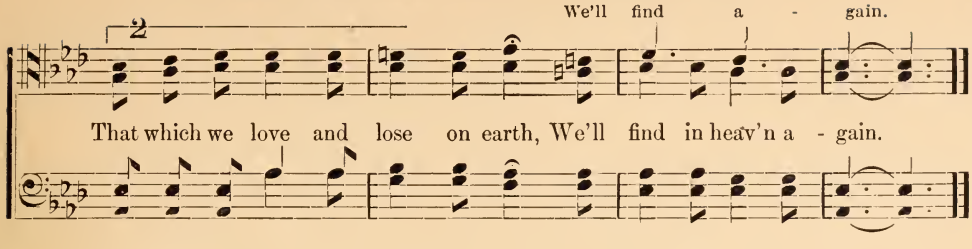
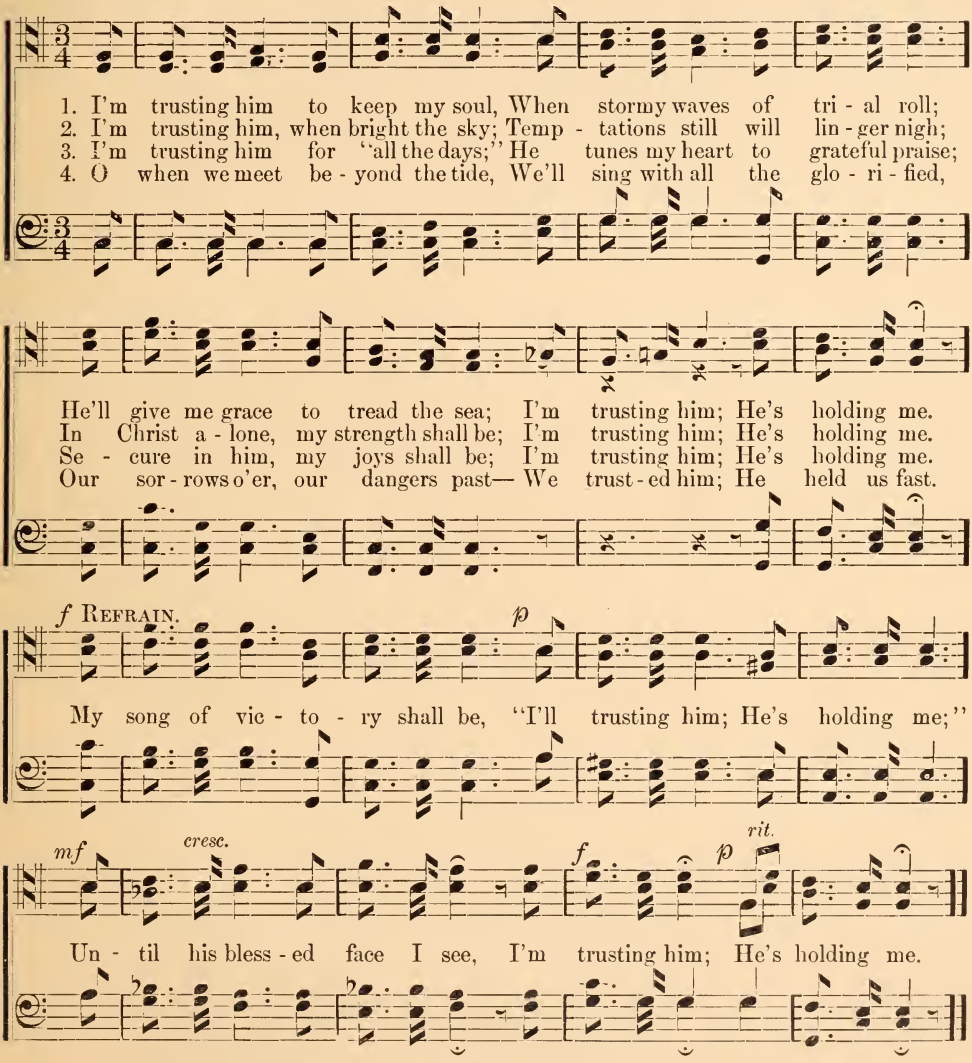
Lay them to Rest.—Concluded.



No. 39. I'm Trusting Him; He's Holding Me.

E. E. Hewitt. Adam Geibel.


1. I'm trusting him to keep my soul, When stormy waves of tri - al roll;
2. I'm trusting him, when bright the sky; Temp - tations still will lin - ger nigh;
3. I'm trusting him for "all the days;" He tunes my heart to grateful praise;
4. O when we meet be - yond the tide, We'll sing with all the glo - ri - fied,
He'll give me grace to tread the sea; I'm trusting him; He's holding me.
In Christ a - lone, my strength shall be; I'm trusting him; He's holding me.
Se - cure in him, my joys shall be; I'm trusting him; He's holding me.
Our sor - rows o'er, our dangers past— We trust - ed him; He held us fast.
f Refrain.
p
My song of vic - to - ry shall be, "I'll trusting him; He's holding me;"
mf
cresc.
f
p
rit.
Un - til his bless - ed face I see, I'm trusting him; He's holding me.

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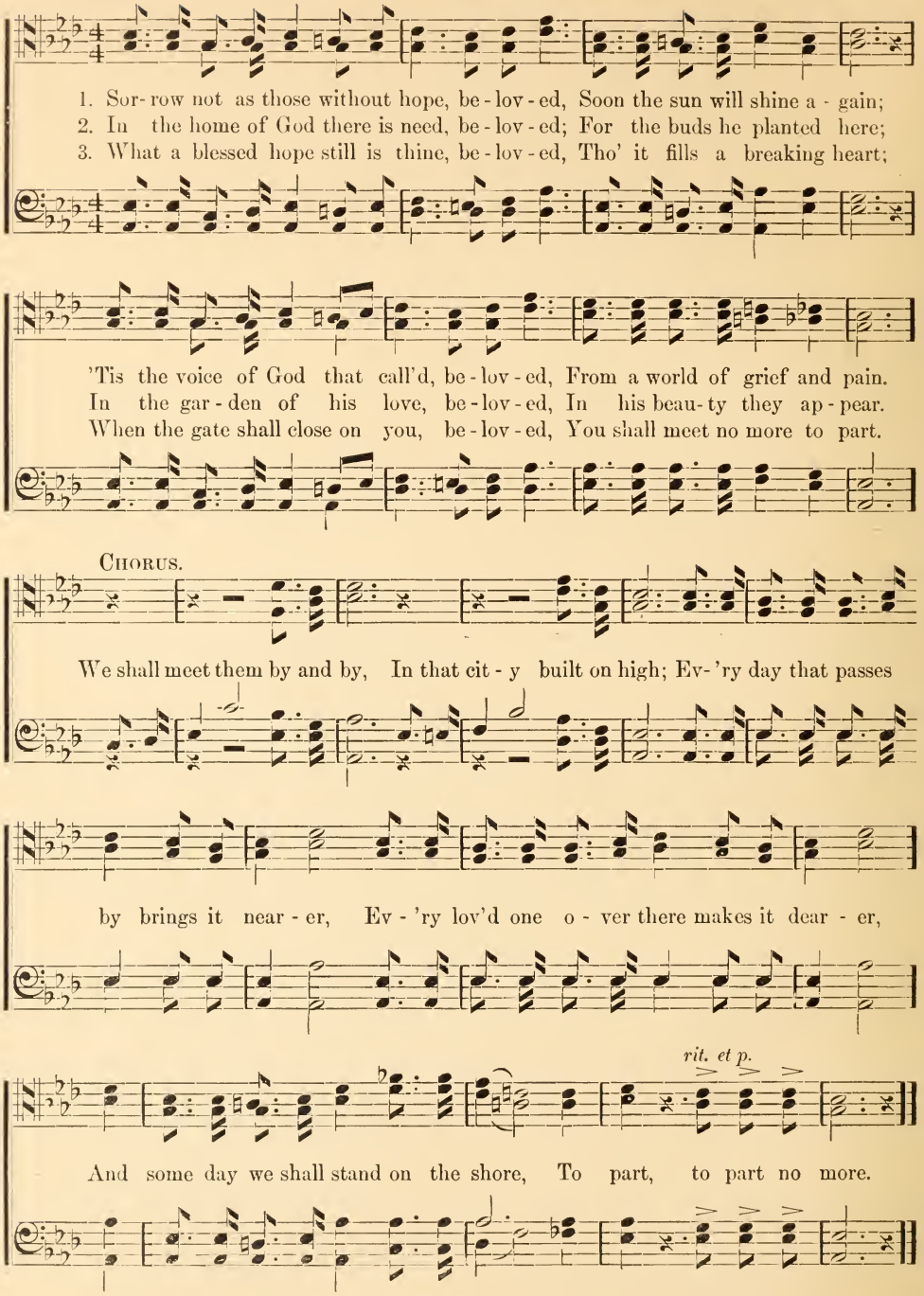
No. 40. We Shall Meet Them.

C. A. M (Funeral Hymn.) C. Austin Miles.


1. Sor-row not as those without hope, be-lov-ed, Soon the sun will shine a-gain;
2. In the home of God there is need, be-lov-ed; For the buds he planted here;
3. What a blessed hope still is thine, be-lov-ed, Tho' it fills a breaking heart;
'Tis the voice of God that call'd, be-lov-ed, From a world of grief and pain.
In the gar-den of his love, be-lov-ed, In his beau-ty they ap-pear.
When the gate shall close on you, be-lov-ed, You shall meet no more to part.
Chorus.
We shall meet them by and by, In that cit-y built on high; Ev-'ry day that passes
by brings it near-er, Ev-'ry lov'd one o-ver there makes it dear-er,
rit. et p.
And some day we shall stand on the shore, To part, to part no more.

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No. 41. Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.

GEORGE DUFFIELD. ADAM GEIBEL.

f
1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high his roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall he lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trumpet call o - bey; Forth to the mighty con - flict, In this his glorious day: "Ye that are men now serve him" A - gaint unnumbered foes; Let courage rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength oppose.
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in his strength a - lone; The arm of flesh will fail you, Ye dare not trust your own: Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each piece put on with pray'r; Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er wanting there.
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This day the noise of bat - tle, The next, the vic - tor's song: To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.
rit.
REFRAIN.
Stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross;
stand up
Lift high his roy - al ban - ner, It must not, It must not suf - fer loss.

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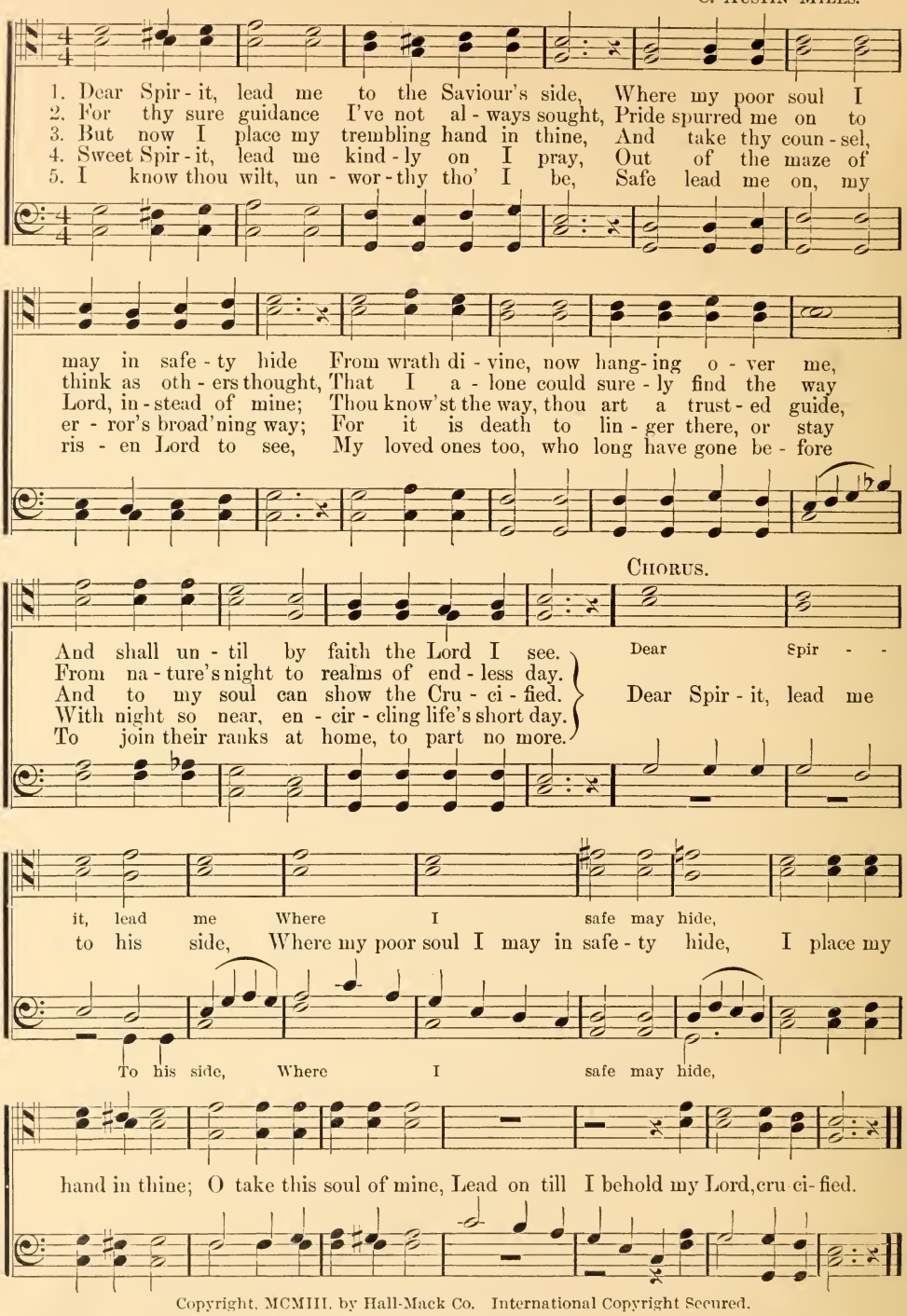
No. 42. Dear Spirit, Lead Thou Me.

JOHN BELL. C. AUSTIN MILES.


1. Dear Spir - it, lead me to the Saviour's side, Where my poor soul I
2. For thy sure guidance I've not al - ways sought, Pride spurred me on to
3. But now I place my trembling hand in thine, And take thy coun - sel,
4. Sweet Spir - it, lead me kind - ly on I pray, Out of the maze of
5. I know thou wilt, un - wor - thy tho' I be, Safe lead me on, my
may in safe - ty hide From wrath di - vine, now hang - ing o - ver me,
think as oth - ers thought, That I a - lone could sure - ly find the way
Lord, in - stead of mine; Thou know'st the way, thou art a trust - ed guide,
er - ror's broad'ning way; For it is death to lin - ger there, or stay
ris - en Lord to see, My loved ones too, who long have gone be - fore
CHORUS.
And shall un - til by faith the Lord I see.
From na - ture's night to realms of end - less day.
And to my soul can show the Cru - ci - fied.
With night so near, en - cir - cling life's short day.
To join their ranks at home, to part no more.
Dear Spir - -
Dear Spir - it, lead me
it, lead me Where I safe may hide,
to his side, Where my poor soul I may in safe - ty hide, I place my
To his side, Where I safe may hide,
hand in thine; O take this soul of mine, Lead on till I behold my Lord, cru ci - fied.

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No. 43. The Wondrous Cross.

ISAAC WATTS. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. When I sur - vey the wondrous cross
1. When I sur - vey the wondrous cross . . . . . On which the
2. For - bid it, Lord, ... that I should boast, ... Save in the
3. See, from his head. . . . . his hands, his feet, ... Sor- row and
On which the Prince of glo- ry died, My richest gain
Prince . . . . of glo - ry died, ... My rich- est gain . . . . I count but
death . . . . of Christ, my God; . . . . All the vain things . . . that charm me
love . . . . . flow mingled down; . . . . Did e'er such love . . . . and sorrow
I count but loss And pour contempt
loss . . . . . And pour con - tempt . . . . . on all my pride.
most, ... I sac - ri - fice . . . . . them to his blood.
meet, ... Or thorns com - pose . . . . . so rich a crown?
REFRAIN.
O the blessed cross of Je - sus Where the Saviour died for me; . . . .
the blessed cross of Je - sus
the Saviour died for me,
O the blessed cross of Je - sus, The cross of Cal - - va - ry. . . . .
the blessed cross of Christ,
The cross of Cal - va - ry, of Cal - va - ry.

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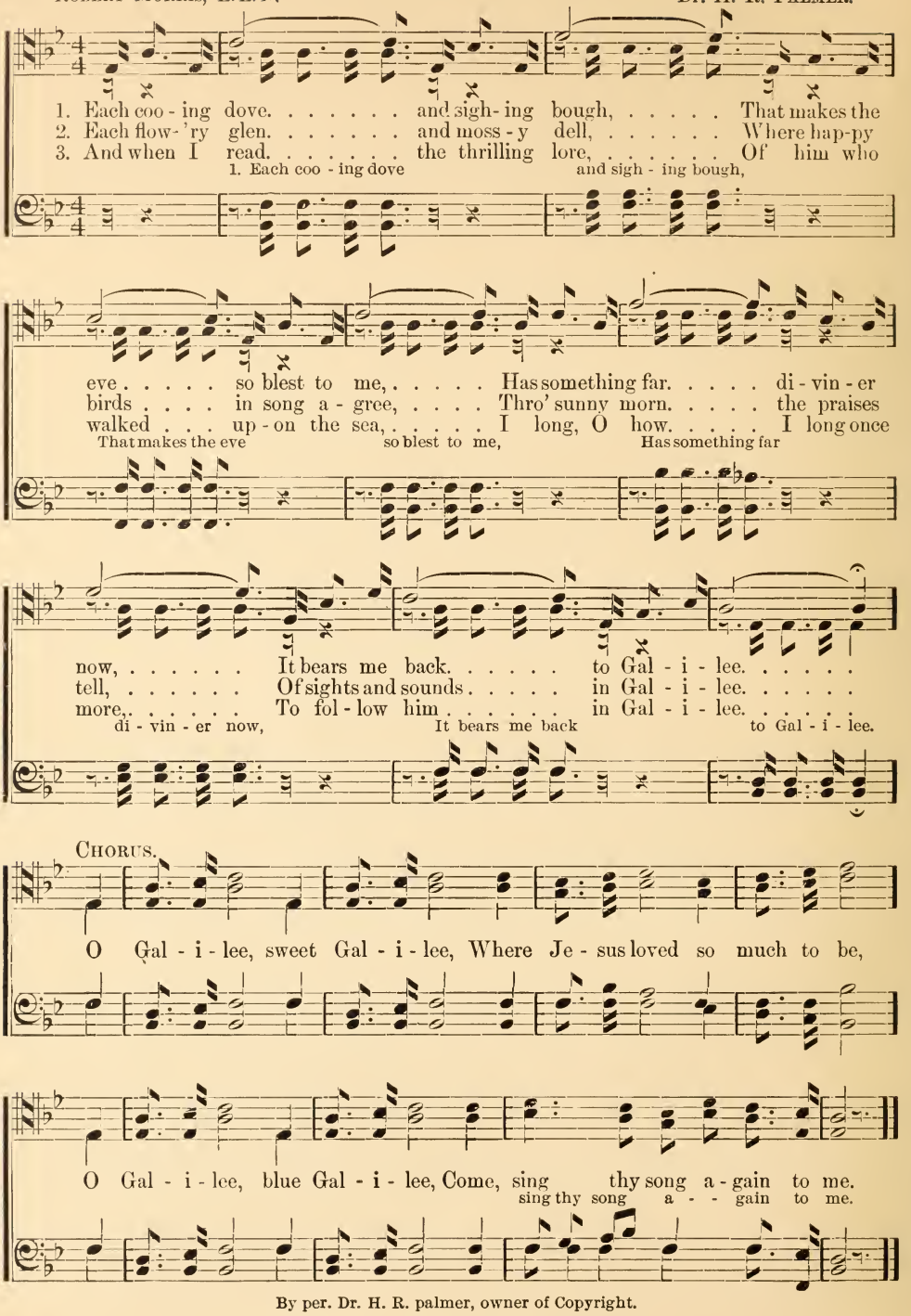
No. 44. Memories of Galilee.

ROBERT MORRIS, L. L. D. Dr. H. R. PALMER.


1. Each coo - ing dove . . . . . and sigh- ing bough, ... That makes the
2. Each flow- 'ry glen. . . . . and moss - y dell, ... Where hap-py
3. And when I read. . . . . the thrilling lore, ... Of him who
1. Each coo - ing dove and sigh - ing bough,
eve . . . . . so blest to me, ... Has something far. . . . . di - vin - er
birds . . . . in song a - gree, ... Thro' sunny morn. . . . . the praises
walked . . . up - on the sea, ... I long, O how. . . . . I long once
That makes the eve so blest to me, Has something far
now, ... It bears me back. . . . . to Gal - i - lee. . . . . .
tell, ... Of sights and sounds . . . . . in Gal - i - lee. . . . . .
more, ... To fol - low him . . . . . in Gal - i - lee. . . . . .
di - vin - er now, It bears me back to Gal - i - lee.
CHORUS.
O Gal - i - lee, sweet Gal - i - lee, Where Je - sus loved so much to be,
O Gal - i - lee, blue Gal - i - lee, Come, sing thy song a - gain to me.
sing thy song a - - gain to me.

By per. Dr. H. R. palmer, owner of Copyright.

No. 45. When the Watching Time is Past.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. R. Frank Lehman.

Melody in the 1st Bass excepting the last four measures. Arr. by Adam Geibel.

1. We're watching and praying all along life's way, Praying on, watching on
2. Tried oft - en and tempted by the unseen foe, Yet to God's blessed rule
3. We're watching and praying while we lend a hand, Do - ing all for the Lord
till the last; What tho' we are wea - ry, soon will come the day When the
we'll hold fast; If he find us watching, to him we may go When the
till the last; We watch for the morning of that gold - en land, Then the
Refrain.
watching time is past.
watching time is past.
watching will be past.
Watching on all the way, watching on night and day,
Watching on while this life shall last;
But up yon - der we'll
this life shall last;
rest on our dear Saviour's breast, When the watching time is past.
is past.

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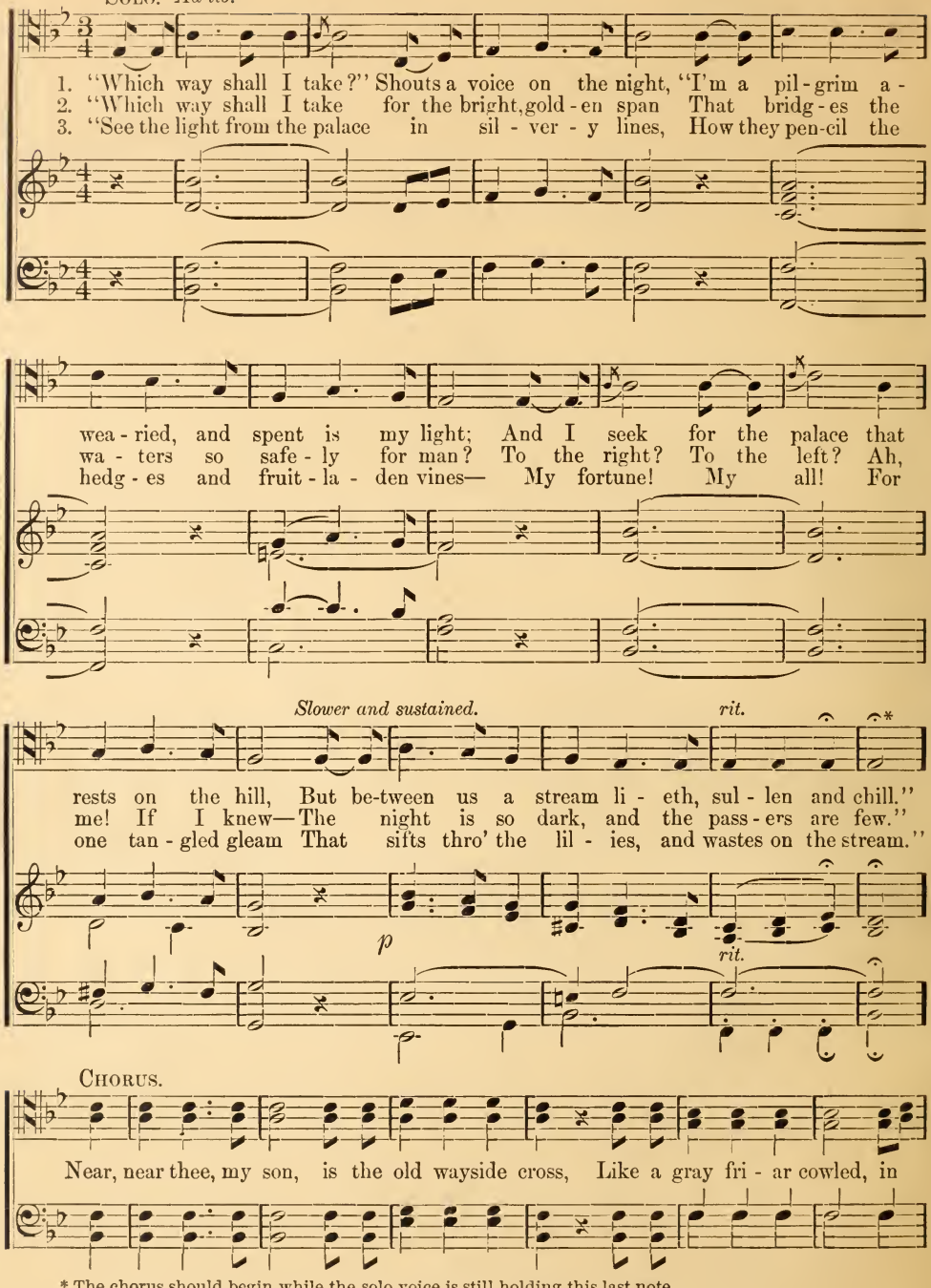
No. 46. The Wayside Cross.

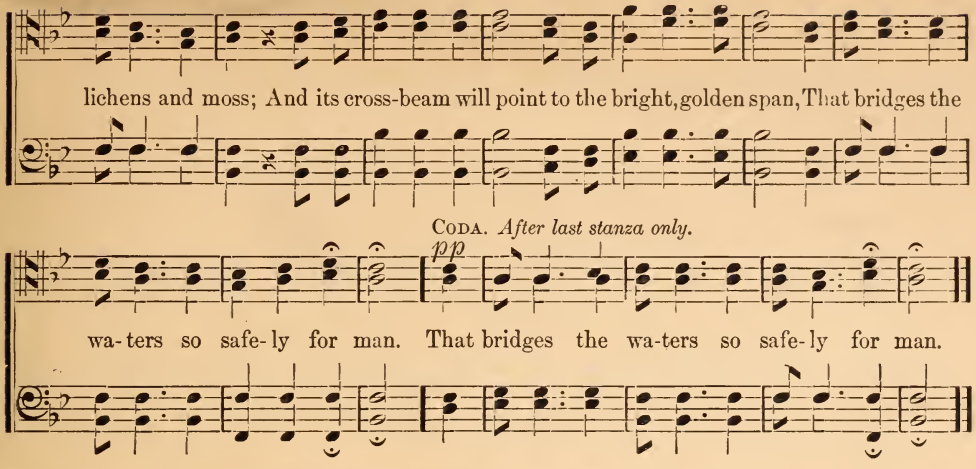
C. L. St. John. Dr. H. R. Palmer.


Solo. Ad lib.
1. "Which way shall I take?" Shouts a voice on the night, "I'm a pil-grim a-
2. "Which way shall I take for the bright, gold-en span That bridg-es the
3. "See the light from the palace in sil-ver-y lines, How they pen-cil the
wea-ried, and spent is my light; And I seek for the palace that
wa-ters so safe-ly for man? To the right? To the left? Ah,
hedg-es and fruit-la-den vines— My fortune! My all! For
Slower and sustained.
rit.
rests on the hill, But be-tween us a stream li-eth, sul-len and chill."
me! If I knew—The night is so dark, and the pass-ers are few."
one tan-gled gleam That sifts thro' the lil-ies, and wastes on the stream."
p
rit.
Chorus.
Near, near thee, my son, is the old wayside cross, Like a gray fri-ar cowled, in

* The chorus should begin while the solo voice is still holding this last note.

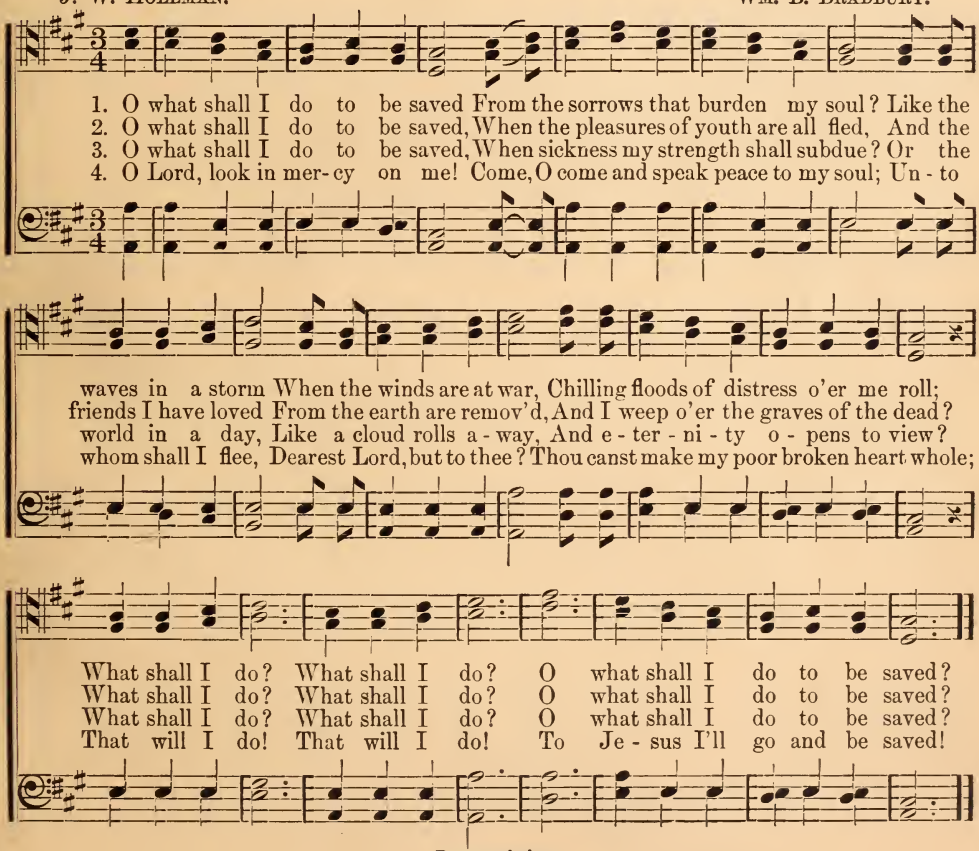
By per. of Dr. H. R. Palmer, owner of Copyright.

The Wayside Cross.—Concluded.


lichens and moss; And its cross-beam will point to the bright, golden span, That bridges the
Coda. After last stanza only.
pp
wa-ters so safe-ly for man. That bridges the wa-ters so safe-ly for man.

No. 47. What Shall I Do to Be Saved?

J. W. Hollman. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. O what shall I do to be saved From the sorrows that burden my soul? Like the
2. O what shall I do to be saved, When the pleasures of youth are all fled, And the
3. O what shall I do to be saved, When sickness my strength shall subdue? Or the
4. O Lord, look in mer-cy on me! Come, O come and speak peace to my soul; Un-to
waves in a storm When the winds are at war, Chilling floods of distress o'er me roll;
friends I have loved From the earth are remov'd, And I weep o'er the graves of the dead?
world in a day, Like a cloud rolls a-way, And e-ter-ni-ty o-pens to view?
whom shall I flee, Dearest Lord, but to thee? Thou canst make my poor broken heart whole;
What shall I do? What shall I do? O what shall I do to be saved?
What shall I do? What shall I do? O what shall I do to be saved?
What shall I do? What shall I do? O what shall I do to be saved?
That will I do! That will I do! To Je-sus I'll go and be saved!

By permission.

No. 48. I Have Been Alone With Jesus.

Mrs. R. R. Forman.
Arr. Adam Geibel.

1. I have been a-lone with Je - sus with my head up - on his breast, (upon his breast,)
2. With a trembling heart I told him while with joy I lingered there, (I lingered there,)
3. Shall I tell you what he told me while I still was waiting there, (was waiting there,)
4. Then he told me I was welcome ev - er-more with him to stay, (with him to stay,)
For I was so ver - y wea - ry that I wait - ed there to rest.
All the bur - den of my sor - row and my heav - y weight of care,
For it took a - way my troub - les and it took a - way my care;
And he said that he would nev - er cast his lov - ing child a - way.
(Humming.)
Um.....
Um.....
I have been a - lone with Je - sus and He bade me stay a - while,
How the voice of Sa - tan's whisp'rings oft - en called me in - to sin,
O he told me how he lov'd me tho' a way-ward err - ing child,
Lo! he said I am thy Sav - iour, as a rock I firm - ly stand—
Um.....
Um.....
And I felt it ver - y pre - cious in the sun-shine of his smile.
And I asked him if I might not stay for - ev - er there with him.
And I felt so ver - ry hap - py as he looked on me and smiled.
Come and rest be - neath my shad - ow in this wea - ry thirst - y land.

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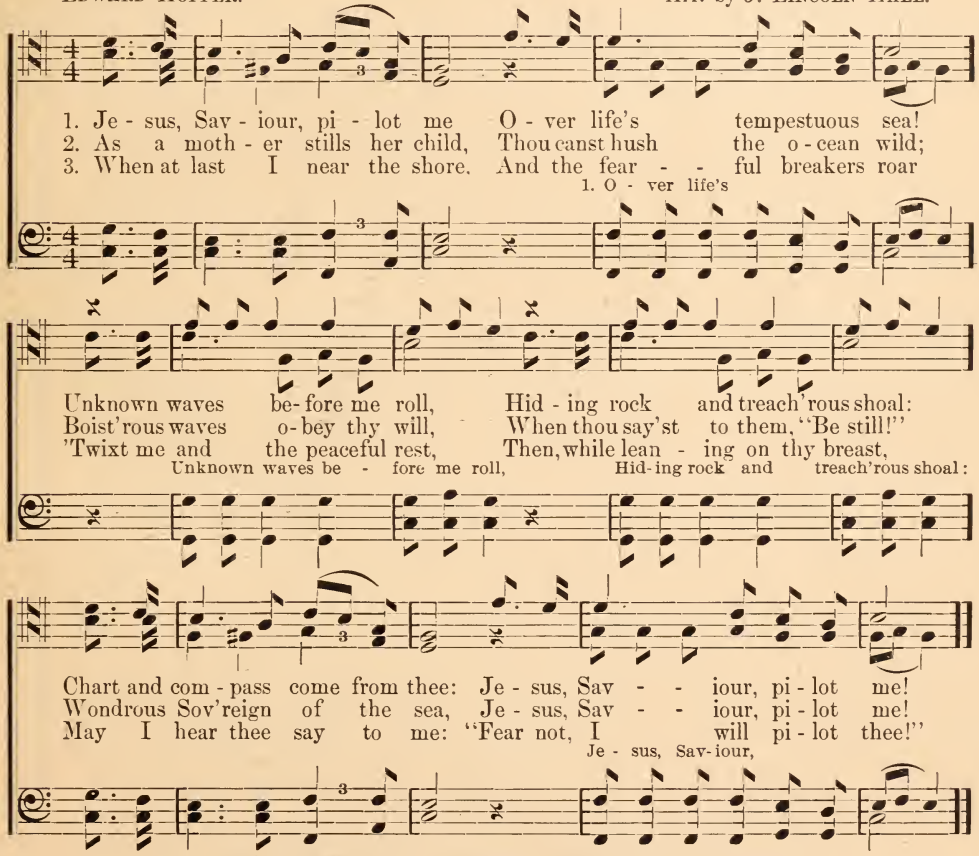
I Have Been Alone With Jesus.—Concluded.

REFRAIN. (*Humming.*)

No. 49. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

EDWARD HOPPER. Arr. by J. LINCOLN HALL.


1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tempestuous sea!
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - - ful breakers roar
1. O - ver life's
Unknown waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal:
Boist'rous waves o - bey thy will, When thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while lean - ing on thy breast,
Unknown waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal:
Chart and com - pass come from thee: Je - sus, Sav - - iour, pi - lot me!
Wondrous Sov'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - - iour, pi - lot me!
May I hear thee say to me: "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"
Je - sus, Sav - iour,

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No. 50. Jesus, My Saviour.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Spanish Melody. Arr. by A. G.

1. Je - sus, my Saviour, O how dear thou art to me, When I be -
2. Je - sus, my Saviour, Thou art dear, so dear to me, When thy grave
3. Je - sus, my Saviour, Thou wilt be the first and best, Till cords are
hold thee On dark Cal - va - ry; But I find thee dear - er When up - on life's
o - pens, When the shadows flee; But my heart was bro - ken With the love that
bro - ken, And I sink to rest; Then, when I be - hold thee, When mine eyes thy
dust - y road, Thou dost say "Come near - er, Cast on me thy load."
came to me, When the words were spo - ken, Words that set me free.
face shall see, With thy love en - fold me, All e - ter - ni - ty.
Refrain.
Je - sus, my Sav - iour, Wilt thou tar - ry by my side,
Man of my Coun - sel, Broth - er, Friend and Guide?

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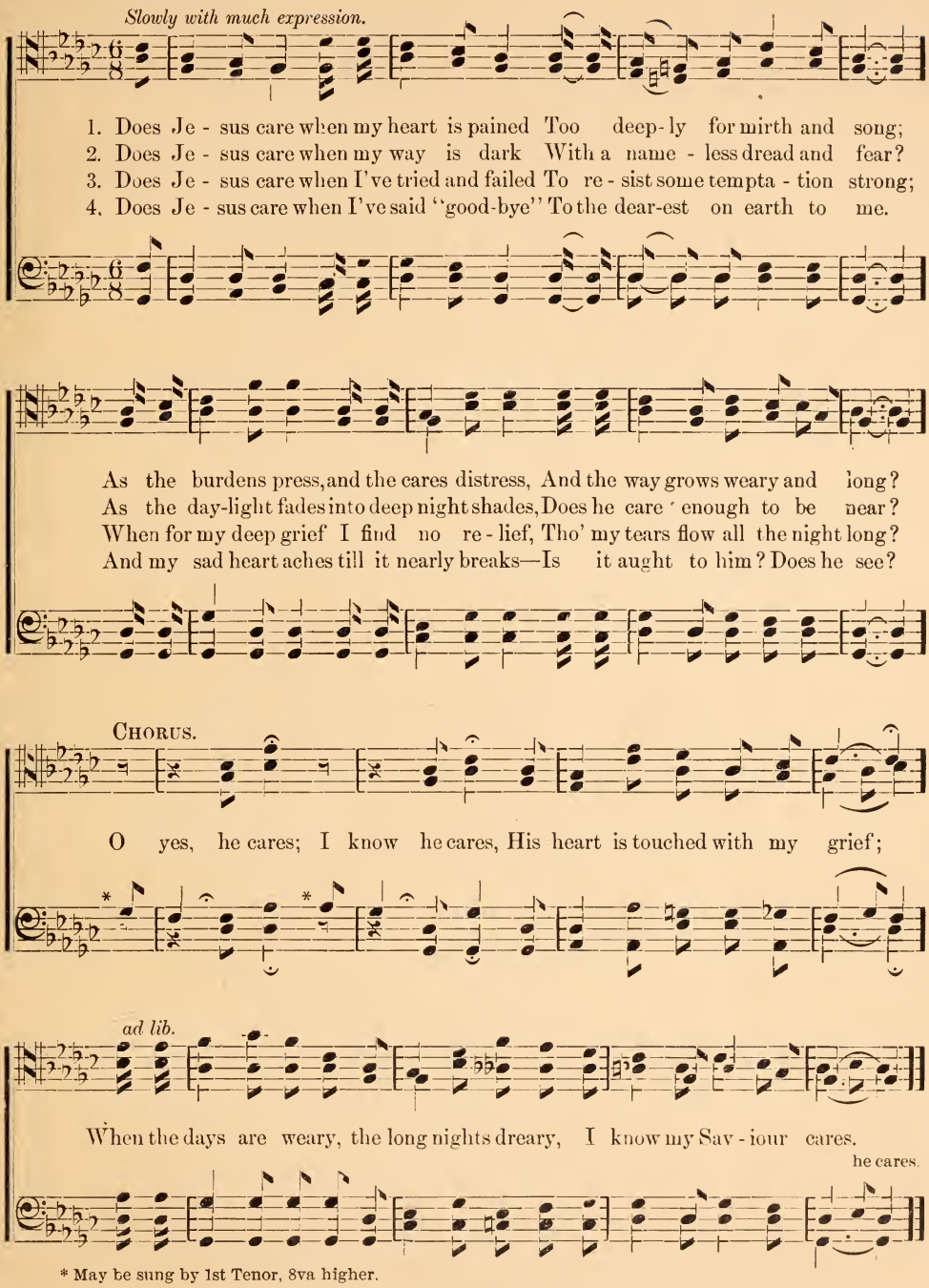
No. 51. Does Jesus Care?

Rev. FRANK E. GRAEFF J. LINCOLN HALL.

Slowly with much expression.


1. Does Je - sus care when my heart is pained Too deep-ly for mirth and song;
2. Does Je - sus care when my way is dark With a name - less dread and fear?
3. Does Je - sus care when I've tried and failed To re - sist some tempta - tion strong;
4. Does Je - sus care when I've said "good-bye" To the dear-est on earth to me.
As the burdens press, and the cares distress, And the way grows weary and long?
As the day-light fades into deep night shades, Does he care enough to be near?
When for my deep grief I find no re - lief, Tho' my tears flow all the night long?
And my sad heart aches till it nearly breaks—Is it aught to him? Does he see?
CHORUS.
O yes, he cares; I know he cares, His heart is touched with my grief;
ad lib.
When the days are weary, the long nights dreary, I know my Sav - iour cares.
he cares.

* May be sung by 1st Tenor, 8va higher.

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No. 52. God Be With You!

J. E. Rankin, D. D. W. G. Tomer.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain! By his counsels guide up-hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain! 'Neath his wings pro-tect- ing hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain! When life's per - ils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain! Keep love's ban- ner float- ing o'er you,
With his sheep se- cure - ly fold you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!
Dai - ly man - na still di - vide you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!
Put his arms un - fail- ing round you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!

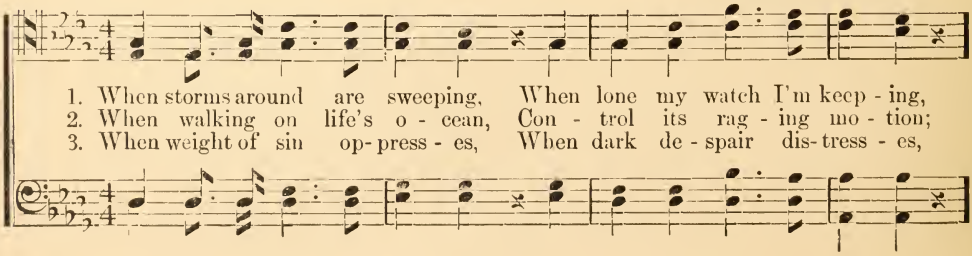
Chorus.

Till we meet! . . . till we meet! Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;
Till we meet! till we meet a - gain!
Till we meet!
Till we meet! . . . till we meet! God be with you till we meet a - gain!
Till we meet!
meet a - gain!

By per. J. E. Rankin, owner of Copyright.

No. 53. Remember Me, O Mighty One!

Anon. Joanna Kinkel, arr.

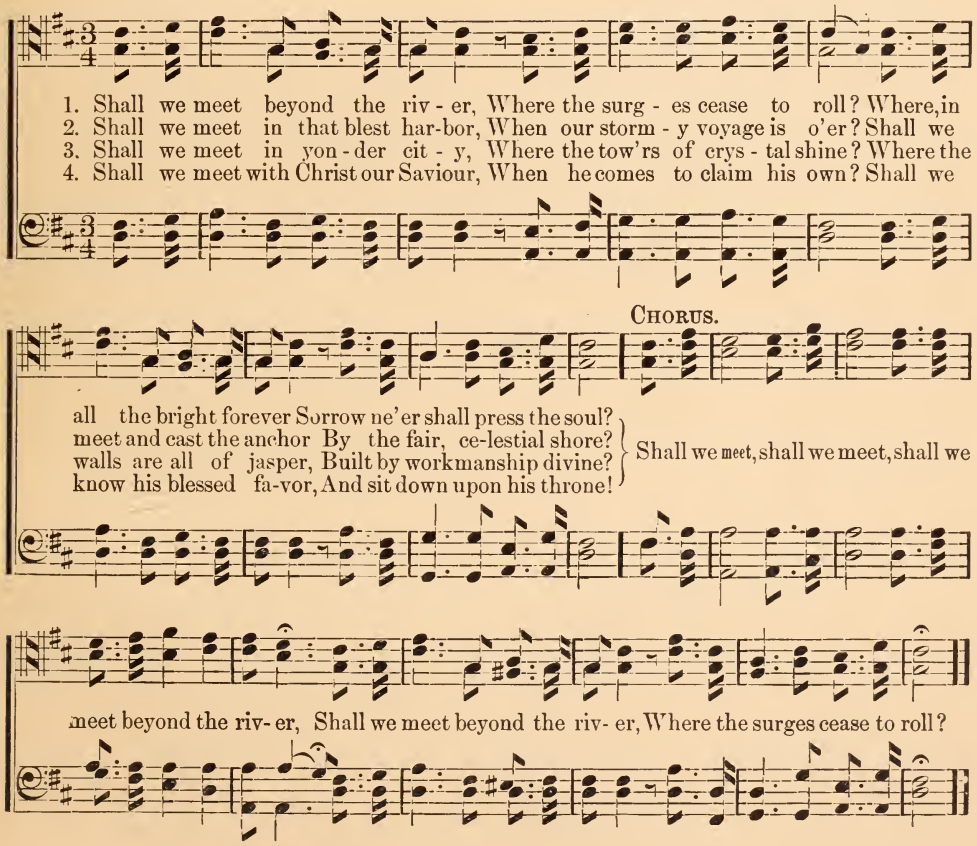

1. When storms around are sweeping, When lone my watch I'm keep - ing,
2. When walking on life's o - cean, Con - trol its rag - ing mo - tion;
3. When weight of sin op- press - es, When dark de - spair dis- tress - es,

Remember Me, O Mighty One!—Concluded.

'Mid fires of e - vil fall - ing, 'Mid tempters' voic - es call - ing,
When from its dan - gers shrinking, When in its dread deeps sink - ing,
All through the life that's mor - tal, And when I pass death's por - tal,
Chorus.
Re - mem - be me, O Might - y One! Re - mem - ber me, O Might - y One!

No. 54. Shall We Meet?

H. L. Hastings. Elihu S. Rice.


1. Shall we meet beyond the riv - er, Where the surg - es cease to roll? Where, in
2. Shall we meet in that blest har-bor, When our storm - y voyage is o'er? Shall we
3. Shall we meet in yon - der cit - y, Where the tow'rs of crys - tal shine? Where the
4. Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour, When he comes to claim his own? Shall we
Chorus.
all the bright forever Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?
meet and cast the anchor By the fair, ce-lestial shore?
walls are all of jasper, Built by workmanship divine?
know his blessed fa-vor, And sit down upon his throne!
Shall we meet, shall we meet, shall we
meet beyond the riv- er, Shall we meet beyond the riv- er, Where the surges cease to roll?

No. 55. If We Only Knew!

PIERSON H. BRISTOW. ADAM GEIBEL.

1st and 2d TENOR.
p Rather slowly, with expression.
1. If we on - ly knew that the things we do Would help an - oth - er a -
2. But we can - not know, and it's well 'tis so; We'll wait till He leads the
1st and 2d BASS.
cres.
mf
long; If we on - ly knew, when the journey's through, There'd
way; And we'll sure - ly know, when the sky's a - glow, He
mf
p
be for the sigh a song; We would toil all day, o'er the
stands at the close of day. It is then for all, who have
mf
rug - ged way, Nor care for the burn - ing sun; We would
heard His call, To toil till the jour - ney's through; Nor our
cres.
mf
p
rit. e dim.
glad - ly stay, where the lost ones stray, Nor cease till the last was won.
souls en-thrall, nor in doubt to fall; Nor sigh, "If we on - ly knew!"

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